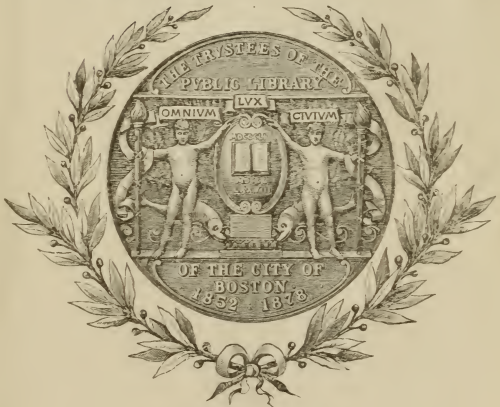

EVENINGS

IN

NEW ENGLAND.

INTENDED FOR

JUVENILE AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each;
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

COWPER.

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PREFACE.

It is an awkward task for a young author to apologize for coming before the public; for it may well be asked, "Why do you attempt to add your mite to the vast treasury of literary excellence, if you are doubtful of merit, or diffident of success?" Circumstances may indeed exist, that amply atone for the sin of printing; but personal motives, however cogent, are of no consequence to the busy, bustling world. To write books for children, after Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Barbauld have written, is indeed presumptuous. Excellent as those books are, they are emphatically *English;* and I indulged the hope that American scenes, and American characters, would give a delightful locality to the following stories, though they could not boast of such simple elegance of expression, or such pointed purity of moral. Perhaps some of the pieces are too fanciful,—such as the "Adventures of a Dandelion," and "Flora's Timekeepers." Others have little, or no claim to originality.

The very superficial "Hints on Botany" are but scattered gleanings from the rich harvest of Smith and Wakefield; and the "Young Hero" is chiefly composed of extracts from Lady Morgan's fascinating account of General La Fayette. Whether, as a whole, this little work has any claims to public favour, I leave to the decision of more impartial judges than myself.

Vanity, ambition, and avarice, no doubt have their share in all human undertakings,—but I trust some will believe me when I say, that nothing has afforded me so much unalloyed pleasure, as the hope of adding a trifle to juvenile knowledge and virtue, and of making my name dear to young and innocent hearts.

EVENINGS IN NEW ENGLAND.

PERSONIFICATION.

Robert. Aunt Maria, I learned a lesson in Blair's Rhetoric to day, about personification; but I did not exactly know what it meant.

Aunt. What does Doctor Blair say is the meaning?

Robert. I do not remember the words; but I think it means speaking of charity and justice, and such sort of things, as if they were people.

Aunt. That is exactly right. Let me see if you will know what I am talking of, if I try to personify different parts of the world. Who is this seated on a cushion, smoking a long pipe, and adorned with a turban all glittering with jewels?

Robert. Let me think——It must mean Turkey or Persia.

Aunt. It peculiarly applies to those countries; but the manners of the eastern nations are so similar, that it may answer for the whole of Asia. Can you tell me who is this dark look-

ing, naked figure, grappling with a lion, and casting a terrified look upon the vessel which he sees off the coast?

Robert. I should think it must be Africa.

Aunt. But why should I represent Africa as fighting with a lion and being frightened at the sight of a ship?

Robert. Because the country is full of lions and other ferocious animals, and the inhabitants are frequently obliged to hunt them; but I do not know why they should be alarmed at a ship. I am sure our merchants send a great many pretty things to Africa.

Aunt. True. But you must likewise remember that a large number of vessels go there for the express purpose of stealing the negroes for slaves. Who is this tall lady with a sparkling crown, into whose lap Plenty is pouring so much fruit from other climates, while she proudly points to the vessels that are sailing near, and gives an encouraging smile to the band of Arts and Sciences, which are represented as clustering around her?

Robert. Oh, that is Europe. I know that in a minute.

Aunt. Who is this Indian digging up whole shovelfulls of pure gold, and exchanging it with a dark looking man for a rod of iron?

Robert. That cannot be America. We do not have much gold here; do we, Aunt? And what we do have, we do not spend for rods of iron.

Aunt. But is there no other America, except ing the one in which we live?

Robert. Oh yes, South America. Their abundance of gold made the Spaniards very cruel to them; and that is what you meant by the rod of iron.

Aunt. Now, who is this young female, clothed in a robe all covered with stripes and stars, carrying a cap upon a high pole, around which an eagle is fluttering; and occasionally looking back upon an Indian, who is aiming his bow and arrow at a wild deer?

Robert. I know who that is quick enough. It is my own North America. But why did you say she looked back upon an Indian?

Aunt. Because, my dear, for several hundred years after America was discovered, it was inhabited only by Indians. Now the country is mostly filled by Europeans, and we look back to the savage state as to what we have been.

Robert. Thank you, Aunt Maria. I shall never forget what personification means.

THE FISHERMAN OF CASCO BAY.

Among the numerous islands in Casco Bay, there are few indeed which at present contain more than a single dwelling; yet a century ago the traveller would have been cheered with the mingled hum of business and of pleasure; and could have rested beneath many a hospitable roof, the ruins of which are now scarcely visible. They were formerly inhabited by fishermen, but

on account of the frequent attacks of the Indians, these huts were abandoned, and being of slight materials, soon sunk into decay. Near one of these ruins, and not far from Diamond Cove, is the grave of Michael Burn—of whom the following story is related. One evening as he sat at the door of his hut, listening to the waves, which broke on the rocks that surrounded him, his dog, who was lying at his feet, suddenly sprang up, and darting towards a projecting cliff, plunged into the water. The fisherman, presuming from his earnest manner that something uncommon had attracted his attention, hastened to the spot from which the animal had leaped; but the night was too dark to discover either the dog, or the object of his pursuit, and the murmur of the waves prevented his ascertaining what direction he had taken. For a long time he awaited his return in vain, and, at last, supposing he was engaged in a fruitless chase after some seals, which frequently made their appearance, he retired to rest. Scarcely, however, had he sought his pillow, when the well-known bark, and a scratching at the door not only announced his return, but anxiety for his master's presence. He opened the door; the dog whined, pulled him gently, as if wishing him to follow, and suddenly left him. Having lighted his lantern, he left the hut, the dog by his barking directing the path; but on approaching the shore, judge of his surprise to find by his faithful animal a human being, and to all appearance a corpse. It was

evident that the dog had just drawn him from the water, but there were no marks of violence on his person. He opened his waistcoat—the body was still warm; and, filled with the hope of restoring animation, he bore it to his hut. His exertions were not in vain. In a short time the stranger gave signs of returning life, and by the next morning he was enabled to converse with his generous preserver.

"You probably recollect seeing a vessel near your harbour yesterday," said the stranger. "In that vessel it was my misfortune to have been a passenger; Heaven grant that my beloved wife has not likewise fallen a victim to perfidy and ingratitude. I am a native of America, but for some years past I have resided in France, where I acquired a considerable fortune. Desirous of spending my last days in the land of my fathers, I converted all my property into money, and embarked in this vessel with my young wife. I loaded the master and crew with presents, but this only served to increase their rapacity. Although I was aware that they knew of the wealth I had on board, I entertained no fears concerning either my life, or property; but last night their diabolical plans for the destruction of both were put in execution. I was alone on the quarter deck when a deep groan causing me to turn, I beheld one of the passengers struck down with an axe as he was approaching to join me. The ruffians with horrid yells rushed forward to secure a second victim; but, though nearly overpowered by my sensations, I was

enabled to reach the taffrel and dropped into the sea.

"The darkness of the night, the presumption that I could not reach land, and above all, the work of death which was still unfinished, prevented pursuit. I made an effort to float, trusting in Providence for my guide. But what was life? The dear woman for whom I wished to live, was deserted at the moment she most needed my assistance. The shrieks of the dying broke upon my ear, and I fancied I could distinguish the voice of my wife imploring mercy. The thought was agonizing. Three times I attempted to regain the ship, but in vain—she was fast receding. At last, regardless of my fate, I murmured at that Being who had upheld me. I desired death, and ceased my exertions in order to hasten its approach. From that moment until I revived in your dwelling, reason left me."

The humane fisherman did all he could to comfort the hapless sufferer. He spoke of the consolations of religion, and reminded him of the submission which he owed to the divine will of that God from whose hand he had already received such manifold blessings. "I have no doubt," continued he, "that these men will soon land in this vicinity to divide their plunder; and let us indulge the hope that these outcasts of society will yet be brought to justice, and you restored to your affectionate wife."

Animated with this idea, the fisherman rose and approached the window, and, as he had sup-

posed, the vessel was distinctly seen standing in for the shore. - Not a moment was to be lost. Raising the stranger in his arms, he carried him to his skiff, and rowing round a steep bluff of rocks, which screened them from observation, he placed him in a cave retired and secure. He then hastened to some huts a few miles distant, informed the inhabitants of the bloody transactions of the past night, and conjured them if they were not destitute of courage and humanity, to aid him in boarding the vessel, which was now at anchor. A small but determined band was immediately collected, and under the direction of the fisherman they advanced with caution towards his humble dwelling. Providence smiled on their endeavours. They crept to the brow of a crag, beneath which the pirates were seated dividing the money of the stranger,—and watching for a good opportunity, they sprang upon them. The confusion of guilt, and the effects of intoxication rendered them an easy conquest. They were carefully secured to await the punishment due to their crimes. The fisherman and his comrades then rowed off for the vessel, and tears of joy bedewed his weather-beaten face on finding that the wife of his guest had escaped uninjured. When he descended into the cabin, she at first seemed unconscious of his approach, so much had her senses been overpowered by the late scenes of horror. When she aroused from the stupor in which he had found her, she informed him that she was the only survivor of all those who had taken

passage in the vessel. "Alas," exclaimed she, "I regret that my life was spared. Far more dear to me would have been the watery grave of my dear husband." For some moments the tears of the wretched woman unmanned our generous fisherman; and when he, at length, collected himself, he was fearful of informing her too suddenly that her husband was alive and in perfect safety. At first he tried to sooth her agitated feelings by telling her that the murderers had no longer the power of doing her any injury; and that though she was separated from the one she loved, she should never want a protector while he had an arm to raise in her defence. As she became more calm, he continued, "Perhaps your husband may be still alive. Some of the passengers have been picked up, severely wounded, it is true, but not beyond the hope of recovery." At last, he gradually unfolded the happiness that was in store for her. But with all his caution, nature fainted under the excess of joyful emotion; and he trembled lest all his labours should have been bestowed in vain.

The joy of the young couple at their meeting cannot be adequately described. Suffice it to say, that after having knelt in prayer to that Being who had, as it were, restored them to life, their first care was the welfare of the fisherman. A sum sufficient to render him independent was immediately bestowed, and the only return which they requested was, that they might retain the faithful dog, who had been so

instrumental in producing this joyous meeting. But here the fisherman pleaded in his turn. He said, that his reward had been greater than his labours deserved, or his heart required. He hoped they would not charge him with ingratitude; but the dog, he said, patting him on the face, had been his only companion during the long and dreary winters he had passed among those rocks—that there was no other living creature whom he could call his friend—and, in fine, rather than part with him, he would return their bounty; preferring his hut, his poverty, and his dog, to wealth and solitude.

"Enough has been said," replied the stranger; "you shall not part from him,—and I am sorry that I made a request which could give one moment's pain to so good a heart. Take this," added he, presenting a large addition to his former donation; "and if it be more than sufficient for your own wants, I know it will be employed—as all wealth ought to be—in alleviating the distresses of your fellow-beings."

[Copied from the Independent Statesman.]

HISTORY.

Lucy. Aunt, I am tired to death of reading History. I have been two or three months studying Rollin;—but now I have come to live with you, I trust you will suffer me to employ myself about something more amusing.

Aunt. Why, my dear Lucy, you have now almost ceased to be a child,—and I trust you are aware of how much importance a knowledge of historical events will prove, when you come forward in society. It is one of those things which are so common that nobody can be tempted to be proud of them, and yet so necessary that one ought certainly to blush for any deficiency.

Lucy. So my mother always told me; but I must acknowledge I am weary of such kind of reading. All I can remember is a jumble of battles and revolutions,—of kings murdered and princes poisoned. There are ever-so-many Dukes of Buckingham, and how can I possibly recollect, to distinguish between them?

Aunt. All this confusion originates in a want of judgment in your course of study. You should read, in course, those books which nearly relate to the same period. If you wish to attain a knowledge of the 16th century, for instance,—there are Charles V, Leo X, and the Life of Luther, which are very proper to be read together; and perhaps a few years hence, you might with advantage add Villiers on the Reformation. For the present winter, however, I will tell you of a plan which will make History delightful as well as instructive.

Lucy. Pray what is it?

Aunt. After you have read the reign of any particular king, I will read some novel or play immediately connected with it. By this means, you will no longer feel as if you had only *heard*

of the characters, but as if you had actually *seen* and *talked* with them.

Lucy. But, Aunt, I have heard people say, it was wicked to read novels and plays.

Aunt. It is, no doubt, wrong to read such books very frequently,—and very unprofitable to read them at all, without much discrimination; but every thing is valuable according to its *use;* and when the lighter kinds of reading serve to impress something more valuable upon our minds, they answer an exceedingly good purpose.

Lucy. It seems to me there are not many novels of this description

Aunt. You probably have seen a multitude of foolish, romantic, worthless stories; and I am heartily glad that you do not like them. But if you will read only such ones as are pointed out by judicious friends, and, even then, read them sparingly, you might find some of real advantage to you. With regard to the plan I proposed, I cannot furnish you with either a novel or a play for every reign in the English history; but I can for very many. Shakspeare provides a large fund for us on this occasion; and, luckily for our purpose, there is a Family Shakspeare published, in which most of the uninteresting and useless parts are omitted. The evenings are now perceptibly lengthening, and if you will follow my plan, I think you will acknowledge that they have passed away pleasantly, as well as profitably.

Lucy. Do, dear Aunt, let us hear the whole of

your plan; and what books you think you shall read.

Aunt. You shall read Hume's History aloud,—and whenever I think of any thing connected with the subject, we will obtain it at the library, and spend a few evenings in becoming acquainted with the characters, to whom Mr. Hume has slightly introduced us After we have finished the reigns of Richard I, and his successor, we will read Ivanhoe and Shakspeare's King John. Shakspeare will likewise serve to fix the events connected with Henry IV, V, VI, and VIII, and likewise of the Second and Third Richard. Kenilworth and Miss Aikin's Court of Queen Elizabeth will give you a correct idea of that queen, and the persons who were most conspicuous during her reign. The Fortunes of Nigel, and Miss Aikin's Court of King James, faithfully portray the character of her successor; and Peveril of the Peak makes you well acquainted with Charles II, and his gay favourite, the Duke of Buckingham.

Lucy. Why indeed, Aunt, I did not think there had been so many as you have mentioned; but are there none to assist other countries, besides that of England?

Aunt. There probably are, though I know of but few. When we read Robertson's Scotland, The Abbot will increase the interest which he excites in the story of their last unfortunate queen, Mary Stuart. In order to remember James III, and his quarrel with the famous house of Douglas, we may possibly turn aside to read

the Lady of the Lake; and perhaps I may indulge you with Marmion, that you may better recollect Mary's grandfather, James IV, who fell at the battle of Flodden Field.

Lucy. And are there none connected with the French?

Aunt. Undoubtedly. However, I know of but three; and those are, Quentin Durward, Jane of France, and Anne of Bretagne. They all refer to very nearly the same period.

Lucy. How delightful it will be to read all these things. Do let us begin Hume to-night.

Aunt. Tomorrow we will commence. But there is another part to my project. You must write down all that you remember of any reign, and the thoughts which the subject naturally suggests. This must be done as if you were talking to a companion, not as if you were writing a book. The more you improve in this task, the more willing I shall be to devote an evening to the recreations I have mentioned; because I shall be convinced that you do not hurry through your history for the sake of reading novels, plays, and poems,—but that you love novels, &c. on account of the useful information they afford, as well as for their interesting stories and poetic language. After all, you must remember that there are many things necessary for you to learn, which cannot be obtained except by hard study. It is, no doubt, pleasant to find instruction in the train of amusement; but she is not always there—and she is so valuable, that we must be willing to follow her

through long and tedious roads, now and then turning aside to rest on a little spot covered with grass and wild flowers.

GENERAL LEE.

A DRAMA.

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

GENERAL LEE, in a slovenly dress.
FARMER.
BETSY, the Farmer's Daughter.
OFFICERS.

SCENE—*A Farm-house in Watertown, Massachusetts.*

Farmer. Come, Betsy, stir up the fire, and keep the pot boiling,—for there is word come that General Lee is passing along, in his way to Concord. I'll be bound the soldiers will be dropping in; and they are ravenous creatures after a morning's march. Odzooks, these are dreadful days for a poor man to be cast in.

Betsy. I'm sure, Father, when the poor fellows are fighting for our liberty, you can't *begrudge* 'em a hearty dinner.

Farmer. No, Betsy. I *begrudges* 'em nothing that I can give 'em, so long as they march with Washington at their head. I lost my right arm fighting by his side,—and if-so-be my poor body should now be deemed worthy to save his brave, honest heart from a British bullet, why, Betsy,

I would e'en risk it, and trust you to the care of God, and him who has proved the Father of his country, and the poor man's friend. God bless him, and all of them who are suffering for America. That ever the tears should come to my eyes when I think of laying down my unworthy life for his!

Farmer goes out; and soon after General Lee enters, looking like a mean, slovenly soldier.

Gen. Lee. The top of the morning to you, good woman. Can you give a soldier a draught of milk?

Betsy. Where may you be bound, to-day?

Gen. Lee. Why truly, good woman, that is a Yankee answer to my question; but if you will let me have some of the savoury dinner that is cooking over the fire, I will tell you where we are going, and many stories about the Regulars* beside.

Betsy. I'd give a drink of milk to anybody that followed the striped flag; but as for the matter of the dinner, I'm choosing to keep that warm for General Lee. They say he's like as a brother to Washington, and, I can tell you, he shall take nobody's leavings.

Gen. Lee. That is right, my girl. But if you will give me a hot dinner, I promise you that General Lee shall give you a hearty kiss for it.

Betsy. I should be sorry to have General Lee hear such indecent discourse, you ill-mannered

* The name by which the British soldiers were generally known.

loon. But, if you want a dipper of milk, go and draw this pail full of water.

Gen. Lee. It is light work to wait upon such a rosy-cheeked damsel. [*Takes the pail and goes out.*]

An Officer rides up to the well.

Officer. Why, General, you are really at home, waiting upon the farmer.

Gen. Lee Not quite so bad as that, neither. It is his pretty daughter who has made me a servant. She is very anxious to see General Lee. She says I shall not have one mouthful of dinner until he is served; nor could I obtain even a drink of milk, without earning it by drawing a pail of water.

Officer. [*Laughing.*] Now you see what it is, General, to wear a dirty, thread-bare coat. Who would know a lion, if he was covered with a calf-skin?

Gen. Lee. The girl is not to blame, sure enough; but wait here a few moments, till I have coaxed a dinner from her, without letting her know that General Lee is the beggar.

Enters the cottage with the pail of water.

Betsy. This is a pretty spot of work, sir. You have kept me waiting long enough to get six pails of water. Do you think I shall give you anything to eat, lazy-bones?

A soldier throws himself off a horse, and enters, almost breathless.

Soldier. [*Bowing.*] General Lee, the Regu-

lars are half a mile below. Hadn't the troop better be ordered to horse?

Gen. Lee. Yes, yes. To horse instantly. I'll join you.

Betsy. [*Blushing deeply.*] Is it General Lee that I have been speaking such unbeseeming words before? I meant no harm, your honor; for nobody could have *guessed* you'd been a General.

Gen. Lee. Well, my pretty lass, the mistake has done no harm. I cannot stop to eat the dinner you have been saving so nicely for me; but I'll give you the kiss I promised,—and, with it, a word of advice. If ever you are tempted to choose a husband for the sake of his handsome coat, remember General Lee.

TREES.

Lucy had quietly seated herself at her evening's work, anxiously waiting until household duties should allow her aunt to appear in the library; and scarcely had she entered, when her niece exclaimed, "Come, dear aunt, do tell us some more pretty stories, or else talk upon some interesting subject."

Aunt. Well, my dear, I will begin by asking you a question. Do you believe that there is a tree in Mexico, which yields water, wine, vinegar, oil, milk, honey, wax, thread, and needles?

Lucy. Why, aunt, what a queer question. I should think you were laughing at me.

Aunt. Ridiculous as you think it, it was a question which the Royal Society in England proposed to a resident in the East Indies. However, it was a long time ago—before the society knew so much about natural history as they now do. It was, no doubt, foolish credulity to believe that such a tree ever existed; but I assure you, there was a very ingenious answer returned. It was as follows—"The Cokos tree yields all this, and more. The nut, while it is green, yields very good *water.* The flower being cut, drops a great quantity of liquor, called Tesswack, which, if drunk fresh, has almost the taste of *wine.* When grown sour, this wine makes very good *vinegar;* and it is distilled into very good *brandy.* The nut, grated and mixed with water, tastes like *milk;* and when pressed, it yields very good *oil.* *Thread* and *needles* are made of the leaves and tough twigs. Bees swarm in these trees as well as in others, and, of course, they produce *wax.*" Long as this list is, some other things might have been added. The shells of the cocoa, tipped with silver, are considered by the people who use them, as very elegant drinking *bowls.* The leaves are wrought into *baskets*, *brooms*, *nets*, *mats*, *sacks*, and various other utensils. The strong filaments inside the bark, are frequently used for *oakum;* and, lastly, the inhabitants of the Maldive islands consider the nut itself as a powerful *antidote* against the bites of serpents, and other poisons.

Lucy. I did not think so many things could have been procured from one tree; indeed, scarcely from all trees together.

Aunt. You are not aware of the infinite number of uses to which trees are devoted. They are important in all the arts, and in many of the sciences. They are the origin of many of our comforts, elegancies, and luxuries. Houses, ships, and machines are made from wood, as well as some of our most elegant trinkets. Beside the variety of delicious fruit and spices which they afford us, their bark and gums are of great use in medicine, and they afford us some of our most brilliant and permanent colors. You well know how much use our manufacturers make of log-wood, red-wood, cam-wood, fustic, &c. I suppose you will hardly believe that what I now hold in my hand is the produce of a tree.

Lucy. What, that piece of India-rubber! No, I am sure I should not think it was.

Aunt. It is a kind of sap, which flows from several trees in the East Indies and South America. After the sap is collected, they dip small bottles of clay into it, and suffer it to dry upon the bottles gradually. When thoroughly dried, they dip them again, and continue to do so till considerable thickness of gum is formed. They then break the clay and rattle it out. When you have inquired for this article at the stationer's, you have no doubt observed that, before it is cut, it is usually in the form of bottles. The East Indians form a piece of clay in the shape

of a foot, and dip it into this elastic gum, in the way I have mentioned, and thus form themselves shoes. They stretch so easily that they are very pleasant to the foot; and the structure of this substance is so very tight, that they are completely water-proof.

Lucy. Well, then, it seems that trees likewise furnish us with shoes. I suppose by-and-by we shall discover some tree kind enough to supply us with bread and cloth.

Aunt. As it happens, there are trees which produce both these substances, almost ready made. There is a tree in many of the South Sea Islands, the inside bark of which is a thick, matted substance of considerable firmness of texture; and I have been informed that the inhabitants make most of their garments from it. In the Ladrone Islands is a fruit about the size of a baker's biscuit, which is called the bread fruit. It has a thick, tough rind. It is yellow and soft when ripe, and tastes sweet and pleasant. The inhabitants use it for bread. They gather it when full grown, and bake it in an oven. They then scrape off the outside, and the inside is white, tender, and soft, like the inside of a penny loaf. It must be eaten while it is new,—for, after twenty-four hours, it becomes harsh and choky. This fruit lasts eight months in the year, during which time the natives eat no other bread.

Lucy. I believe it will be more easy to mention what trees do not produce, than what they do; but I am certain of one thing,—they do not yield paper.

Aunt. Indeed, my dear, you are mistaken. There is a tree in Japan, the leaves of which, after being boiled several hours and mixed with some glutinous substance, afford excellent paper. This use has given it the name of the Paper-tree.

Lucy. Let me think a moment. Trees do not produce lace and muslin—do they?

Aunt. They produce nothing which is used as a substitute for those articles, I believe; but there is a tree in Jamaica, called the Lace-tree, on account of the resemblance of its inside bark to that fine, transparent substance. By the way, we owe a very important part of our breakfast to trees.

Lucy. What part, pray? Oh, I remember. The Coffee. Do you know how it grows?

Aunt. The fruit is covered with a round, green shell about the size of a cherry. When ripe, this shell is broken in a mill, and it goes through a laborious process of washing, drying, and picking, before it is ready for the market. Its exhilarating effects are said to have been discovered in a singular way. The prior of a monastery was informed by a goat-herd that when his goats eat the berries of this tree, they would wake and caper all night. The prior, on hearing this, became curious to prove its virtue; accordingly he first tried it on his monks, to prevent their sleeping at morning prayers. It is cultivated in Arabia, Persia, the East Indies, the Isle of Bourbon, and some parts of America.

Lucy. I should like to know how the monks behaved when they drank coffee for the first time. Is not this Camphor a gum?

Aunt. It is. It is procured from the Camphor tree, a species of Laurel, which grows in China and the Indian isles. It will not dissolve in water; and one thing about it is very singular, and, I believe, as yet unaccounted for. If you place a piece of Camphor in a bason of pure water, it will swim round very rapidly; but the moment you pour in a single drop of any odoriferous fluid it will instantly stop its motion.

Lucy. I should like very much to try that. It is so simple that I can do it myself when I get another bottle of Cologne-water. Can you think of nothing else interesting about trees?

Aunt. Of very many things, if I had leisure to tell them all. You surely have seen too much maple sugar among our New England farmers, to forget what we owe to the sap of the maple. That very useful medicine and paint which we call Gamboge, is a gum from a tall, spreading tree of the same name, which grows in Ceylon, Siam, and Cochin China. Pitch, tar, turpentine, and rosin are likewise produced from trees; and copal and mastic varnish are from gums of the same name.

Lucy. Do not trees furnish us with glue and isinglass?

Aunt. No. Isinglass is procured from a particular species of fish, and glue from the skins of animals.

Lucy. I am rejoiced that I have thought of one thing which is in no wise connected with trees. I almost began to think that in some part of the world or other, they afforded every

thing. I'll try again. What does this cork come from?

Aunt. It is the bark of the Cork tree. Nut-galls, so much used in colouring and medicine, are an excrescence which forms on the outside of the oak. Gum-Arabic flows from an Acacia tree in Arabia, and some parts of Africa. The inhabitants collect it in large quantities for food.

Lucy. I have seen the Acacia in American gardens; but I never heard that they produced any gum-Arabic.

Aunt. There are numerous kinds. Our common Locust is of the same species. Some very beautiful foreign ones are to be found in our cultivated gardens;—and this makes me think of another point of view in which trees are very interesting. You will often see those standing side by side, which originated in the remotest corners of the earth. The Weeping Willow, which now throws its melancholy shade over the Mississippi, the Connecticut, and the Charles, once trailed its long branches over the waters of the Euphrates, and gave shade to the children of Babylon. The Horse Chesnut, which shows its proud form and beautiful foliage amid the bustle of Boston, New York, and other southern cities,—or blooms fresh and green in some elegant garden in their vicinity, came from the famous Mount Pindus in Arcadia—that country which poets have always represented as the most beautiful in the world. The Acacia waves its golden flowers in Arabia. The gaudy Tulip

tree and the Laurel Magnolia, with its glossy, velvet leaves, came from the southern and western parts of our own extensive country. They are rare in New England; but if you ever visit the south, you will see that beautiful tree covered with the yellow jessamine, which twines round the very topmost branches, and falls in a profusion of elegant festoons. The blossom of the Magnolia is large and white; and the leaves of the flower are very thick. Wherever you make an incision with a pin, needle, &c. they emit juice which immediately becomes red. The ladies in Georgia often write billets to each other by pricking the words on a petal* of the Magnolia.

Lucy. Oh, Aunt, I am sorry to see you look at your watch. I know it is late; but I want to hear more about trees. I shall look on them with much more pleasure now I know so much about them.

RIDDLING FOREST.

1. What tree pinches the Hebrew?
2. What tree is the homeliest?
3. What tree has for ages withstood the fury of the ocean?
4. What trees plagued the Egyptians?

* One leaf of the blossom itself is called a petal,—the whole a corolla.

5. What trees were made for speaking?
6. What tree is an Irish city?
7. What tree is used to ornament a lady's winter dress?
8. What tree carries you to Boston?
9. What tree keeps the school-boy in order?
10. What tree is used for taking a gift.
11. What tree is used to keep a gift, after it is obtained?
12. What tree means a couple?
13. What tree is used for impounding asses?
14. What tree is like a dressy young man?
15. What tree is often used on ornamental drapery, for pulpits, &c.?
16. What tree is a personal pronoun, and a letter of the alphabet?
17. What tree is surrounded by the Mediterranean?
18. What tree moves backward?
19. What tree hisses when water is poured upon it?
20. What tree is often used by masons and carpenters?
21. What tree signifies to lop off?
22. What tree is the laziest.
23. What tree is usually upon our tables, breakfast, dinner, and supper?
24. What tree is a fragile and expensive article of dress?
25. What bush makes the hands cold?
26. What bush is like good money?
27. What bush signifies the north of Africa?
28. What bush is a baptist clergyman?

29. What bush needs a physician?

30. What shrub is often in the hands of a neat house-maid?

31. What English shrub is a very transparent kind of cloth?

32. What tree serves to write letters on?

33. What tree is a young lady's christian name?

34. What tree is refreshing as evening approaches?

35. What tree is convenient for vessels to sail in?

36. What shrub, or plant, supports the steps of the aged?

37. What tree is a forerunner of fire?

38. What tree is a very sagacious animal?

THE UNEASY OAK.

A FABLE.

It chanced that a neat little Spruce tree was removed from Boston, and placed close beside a large Oak, in a distant country-town. Like many people who have paid a short visit to the city, the Spruce was completely giddy with vanity; and she never was weary of telling her poor country neighbour of all the fine sights she had seen She said she had heard many conversations between the fine ladies and gentlemen, as they walked in the Mall by the bright

moonlight; and added, with a very knowing look, that she could reveal a great many secrets, if she were so disposed. She talked of the large blocks of buildings, glistening in the setting sun,—of the trampling of horses, the rattling of carriages, and the fine dress of the great ladies, Finally, she affirmed, that she herself was planted on the self-same spot where a French nobleman had once stood; and that President Monroe had rested his head on her shoulder, when he visited New England.

The Oak heard these grand stories, and began to grow quite discontented with her humble lot. "Here am I," thought she, "who have seen nothing all my life but a parcel of sunburnt boys, and gabbling geese, or some noisy farmer calling out to his stupid oxen. I wish I could go to the city, and see some of the beautiful things which friend Spruce tells of."

The wish was soon granted;—for a famous gardener taking a fancy to the Oak, transplanted it to Boston. For awhile the tree was busy enough in observing the gaiety and hurry of the town; but she soon found that she saw quite as many chimney-sweepers and beggars, as she did fine ladies and gentlemen. She complained that the air was smoky and unwholesome, and that the horses covered her green robes all over with dust. Besides, she could not conceal her vexation, that so few people had leisure to stop and admire a newly arrived personage, so important as herself. Sorrowful and unhealthy, she soon began to pine away; but she was kept

alive by the hope that the merciful gardener would carry her back to her native village, where she could once more look down upon the pretty little wild flowers, and the cheerful children, who used to frolic beneath her shade. While she was cherishing these thoughts, the Mayor ordered a new street to be cut through the place where she stood. The ambitious Oak was hewn down, and the branches which had looked so green and thriving in the country, were burned to boil lobsters for the city.

Moral. Never be anxious to change a humble situation, which you have long proved to be quiet and happy, for the uncertain comforts of wealth, parade, or fame; lest, like the fabled Oak, you end your days in melancholy and disappointment.

THE RAINBOW.

Robert. Aunt, do you know there has been a fine shower this afternoon? When I came home from school, the grass was sparkling with raindrops, the little birds were singing, and there were two beautiful rainbows in the sky. Pray what makes a rainbow?

Aunt. That is a difficult question to answer you, Robert; because there are many things which you ought to learn before you can fully understand an explanation. If you were to ask

a learned man, he would reply, that it was occasioned by the refraction of the sun's rays; and that term, I suppose, you would hardly comprehend?

Robert. No, I am sure I don't know what refraction means.

Aunt. It simply means to twist on one side,—to turn out of a straight course. And now, in order to make you understand what occasions the beautiful object which you saw in the sky this afternoon, I must tell you, that the sunshine which you see on the floor, actually contains the seven colours of the rainbow, which you so much admired.

Robert. But sunshine is white. I cannot think what you mean.

Aunt. A ray of light, my dear, although it seems white, actually contains these seven colours—violet, blue, indigo, green, yellow, orange, and red. This I can prove to you by means of this three-cornered glass, which is called a prism. Now I hold it in the sunshine, do you not perceive a rainbow on the opposite wall?

Robert. Oh, yes. It is almost as handsome as the one I saw to day, only not as large. But how does that glass make a rainbow?

Aunt. Each ray of light is made up of seven different colours, as I have just told you; and some of these are more pliable than others, and much more easily turned out of their natural course,—in the same way that you can more readily bend a piece of fine wire, than that which is hard and stiff. These various coloured rays are now

shining straight through the window upon the floor; but when I hold this prismatic glass in the light, being three-cornered, it refracts the rays, —or in other words, it bends them on one side. Violet and blue are more easily bent than the other colours, and red moves with the most difficulty. Hence, when you see them reflected on the wall, one being turned a good ways from its natural, straight line, and the other but very little, they will of course appear at some distance from each other, and thus become visible. Drops of rain in the clouds refract the sun's rays in the same manner that this glass does, and thus produce a rainbow in the sky. The reason of two rainbows is the same as the appearance of two faces when you look in the glass. The rainbow is reflected on the clear, bright mirror of the heavens.

Robert. I understand that pretty well; but is it possible when all these colours are united they look white?

Aunt. Very possible, my dear. It can be proved by very simple experiments. If you paint these seven colours on a wheel, and turn it round swiftly, so that the rays can mingle, it will look perfectly white. If you mix powders of these various colours, and bruise them together thoroughly, the result will be a white powder. The case is the same with paints; but in all these experiments you must be careful to have the colours in precisely the same proportion in which they exist in the rainbow. Philosophers have stated the quantity of each ray as follows:

Violet	$\frac{2}{9}$	or 80
Indigo	$\frac{1}{9}$	or 40
Blue	$\frac{1}{6}$	or 60
Green	$\frac{1}{6}$	or 60
Yellow	$\frac{2}{15}$	or 48
Orange	$\frac{3}{40}$	or 27
Red	$\frac{1}{8}$	or 45

This glass which I have in my hand is called convex, because it rises in the middle. Being of this shape, the rays naturally cluster together on a very little space at the top. Now if I hold it under these gaudy tints which the prism occasions on the wall, they will all collect on the point of this rounding glass, and be reflected back upon the floor in a bright, white spot; which is an additional proof that when they are all united, they appear white.

Robert. How very wonderful. Then when I look at any thing white, I may conclude that it contains seven colours?

Aunt. Exactly so. And this apparent impossibility may serve to teach you many useful lessons If ever you are disposed to think a person deficient either in talents, or kindness of disposition, think of the hidden colours in a ray of light, and remember if you were to see that person in times of affliction or danger, you might find those circumstances prove a prismatic glass to his mind, calling forth seven unexpected good qualities. If you think you shall never be able to understand any study which you are about to commence, do but apply the prismatic glass of *close attention*, and I will warrant you to

find seven undiscovered talents. And lastly, if you are tempted to do a wrong action, ask yourself, "Would my heavenly Father approve of this?" This simple question will serve a moral prism, and will unfold seven sources of strength to resist all future temptations.

Robert. This is what you would call the morality of the rainbow; and I will try to think of it, as I always do of Doctor Franklin's "Whistle," when I am about to lay out my money foolishly. But if these rays must be bent out of their course in order to be seen, why is not every thing white, or else every thing like a rainbow? What makes grass green, and a rose red, and the sky blue?

Aunt. These, and a great many other things, I should like to tell you; but you could not understand them without some knowledge of the general principles of Natural Philosophy. What I have told you, was merely designed to give you a hint of the beautiful truths which you will find in that interesting study. If I have said enough to make you wish to know more, I shall be very much rejoiced. To-morrow we will call at the bookseller's and purchase Conversations on that subject. You must not be frightened at some word which you do not understand. You will soon become used to them, and find their meaning as simple as I have explained *refraction*. It will not only prove a profitable exercise for your mind, but it will daily increase your reverence for that Almighty being, whose wisdom has framed all the wonders of this beautiful world.

THE ADVENTURES OF A DANDELION.

The first thing which I remember in my life was a painful sensation, that seemed like a dagger piercing to my very vitals. I lifted my head and found that the occasion of my distress had gone from me, and was sporting on a beautiful little flower close by my side. This flower proved to be a purple Violet; and she afterwards informed me that our common tormentor was a honey-bee, who was rifling all the sweets which came in his way to carry home for the support of the royal family. Soon after, another insect, that had splendid wings all covered over with tiny feathers, began to play around us, and at last lighted on a handsome shrub that seemed to be in a profound slumber. I was told that it was the Evening Primrose, and that she never waked till the sun had gone out of sight. "Prithee," says I, "is that one of those armed animals, coming to steal our blood from us to carry to his queen?" "No," answered the violet, "you are surely short-sighted, neighbour. It is a dear little butterfly; and so far from being one of those ugly surgeons, which probe the veins of flowers, he is the most welcome visiter that I have seen this season. In a warm, sunny day, there is nothing I like better than to have their handsome wings fluttering around me; for they often come loaded with presents from some

flower that I love."* On hearing this, I held my head higher, in hopes the rambler would light on my newly opened leaves; but he flew past,—just stooped to kiss the beautiful purple corolla of the violet,—and after making a graceful circle in the air, he disappeared,—notwithstanding we were all so anxious to detain him. The day passed without my seeing any more of these delightful creatures,—but I spent my time pleasantly in questioning my companion. "You have told me your name," says I, "and now will you have the goodness to tell me what I am called." "You are a Dandelion," replied the Violet. "I do not think that sounds quite so well as your name," said I. "Why truly," rejoined she, "mine is considered the most poetical. However, you are thought to be the most useful plant." Now, I did not know what *poetical* meant,—but I thought she put on some airs of superiority on the occasion, and in somewhat of an indignant tone, I asked, "And pray what use may I be put to?" "Men call you excellent eating," answered she. "They boil you in hot water, for their food." Much alarmed, I inquired, "Do you think there is any danger of *my* being converted to such a horrible use?" "I think there is,' said the Violet; "for we stand by the road-side in a very public place. However, there is one reflection, which may serve to comfort you. Whether our lives are long or short, we are more highly honoured

* The dust or pollen, which forms the seeds of flowers, is often conveyed from one plant to another, by insects as well as the wind.

than most flowers. The house near which we stand has been occupied by two of the most eminent men in America. Many years since, General Washington had his head-quarters here; and of late, it has been honoured by the residence of a very learned Professor. No doubt our names will be handed down to posterity among very famous flowers." This idea was very gratifying to my pride, but I must acknowledge that it did not wholly put an end to my fears. "Do you think," continued I, "that this same Professor will be so cruel as to order his servants to destroy the life of a humble flower?" "Humble indeed!" said the Violet, with a sneer. "Not so very humble as you may suppose," retorted I, furiously, "I do not see but that I am as handsome as you are." "Well," replied she, smiling, "I am willing to leave that to a majority, either of butterflies or men. However, we will not dispute the point. As to this learned gentleman, I do not know very much of him; but the wind has lately torn his fence in several places, and I see that the Primrose, which stands behind us, is peeping into his dominions. She knows a great deal, and I have no doubt if you could manage to get within hearing of her, she would tell you many anecdotes about the Professor, as well as many other things connected with the great University, near which we live." "Since you are speaking of moving," observed I, "I should like to know how I came here, when I knew nothing of the business all the while." "A little zephyr, who has

long been a servant in the ancient family of Dandelions, brought you hither in the form of a winged seed," replied she. "He told me he caught you out of a ball of down.* As soon as I saw him lay you by my side, I knew I should quickly see your green leaves above ground." "But how came my leaves concealed in a ball of down?" asked I. "It is a custom your fathers have always had when they removed any of their posterity," answered she. "As for their reasons, you must ask this same learned Professor, who they say knows every thing At least I beg of you to teaze me with no more questions; for Venus† is just stepping over the eastern hills, and it is the flower's sleeping time." I obeyed the request of the Violet, and drooping my head, I tried to sleep; but the scene was so new to me, that I was fain to wake and gaze upon it. As the evening star sailed along, it seemed as if she made the flowers and green grass happy. Presently a brighter light arose; and when it appeared, I felt my heart rejoice within me. Soon after, I noticed little zephyrs flitting about with their silver urns in the bright moonshine. It seemed to be the task of each one to wait upon some favourite flower. A tiny zephyr, with purple wings, opened his urn and dashed dew upon the sleeping Violet. One with a yellow robe sprinkled me as he passed; and I saw

* Children who have noticed the appearance of a Dandelion after it has gone to seed, will readily understand what the Violet meant

† The Evening Star.

one clothed in still lighter yellow, pause, and hover round the Primrose. I turned to see if she was sleeping, and found that she was broad awake. The golden cups, which she had concealed all day, were every one spread out to catch the falling dew. This was a night of enjoyment; but it seemed soon to pass away. The sun rose bright and clear, and zephyrs, whose breath was hot and dry, came to drink up the dew-drops that were sparkling on our leaves. The Violet lifted up her tearful blue eye to the sun, and the Primrose closed her flowers, sighing for moonlight and vases of dew. For my own part, I enjoyed the brilliant light and glowing heat of the morning, and was just preparing to tell the Violet, that I thought the Primrose a great fool for shutting up all her sweets till the evening, when two pretty little children attracted my attention. "Oh here is another handsame Violet," exclaimed the boy, "let us pick it for mother." And in an instant, nothing was left of all the pride and beauty of the Violet. I trembled when the girl pointed to me, and said, "See, brother, what is this pretty yellow flower?" "Pshaw," answered he, "that is nothing but a Dandelion." "And why is not a Dandelion as good as any thing else, if it is pretty?" thought I. However, though my vanity was wounded, my life was saved, and glad was I. But when I came to look around me, I found no plant near enough to speak to; and I confess I was tired of living alone. Much as the proud Violet despised me, I heartily wished her back

again. While I was in this dilemma, I saw two ragged children coming towards me with knives and baskets. Then I remembered the boiling water, and trembled. The boy set down his basket, and beginning to dig about my roots, he soon threw me over. "What a shame to dig up such a little Dandelion," said the girl. "I will set it out again till it grows larger." So saying, she dug a hole close to the Primrose, and placed me there. From my heart I thanked the child for the removal; but for a day or two, this adventure left me so weak and dizzy that I could reap no advantage from my excellent neighbourhood. When I recovered my strength, I asked questions till the Primrose was weary of hearing me. "Fear nothing from the Professor," said she, "he never will suffer a hair of your head to be harmed. But not far from here is a great place where they constantly keep a levee for all sorts of flowers. This is under the care of an Englishman, who delights in nothing so much as in pulling blossoms to pieces, in order to ascertain the parts of which they are composed. So much does he love this amusement, that he has been known to travel among Indians, to go knee-deep in water for days together, and sleep on the cold, hard ground, only for the sake of tearing our relations." "It is a very savage propensity," said I. "Do you think he will practise upon *me* in this manner?" "You are too common to attract his notice, unless it be to show you to some very young pupil," she replied. Before she finished speaking, the English-

man, so terrible to flowers, approached, leading a small boy by the hand. "Here is a familiar example of the class Syngynesia," observed he. "It is called Leontodon on account of its deeply jagged leaves, which are supposed to have some resemblance to a lion's teeth. In the same class you will find the Globe Thistle, the Mountain Daisy, the Chrysanthemum, China Aster, and Marygold."

"Ha!" thought I, "I wish that haughty Violet could have heard my high-sounding name; and still more do I wish that the indifferent butterly could have known who were my relations." My triumph was short-lived; for the savage botanist plucked up my root, and slowly pulling me limb from limb, he threw me on the ground. However, I died with proud satisfaction, conscious that I laid down my life for the purpose of instructing a youth in the rudiments of a very useful and interesting study. As I lay breathing out my last, I begged a friendly snail to write the adventures of my life; but being proverbially a slow animal, I fear it will be long before this history of the sufferings and enjoyments of a plant will reach the public.

GOBELINS TAPESTRY.

Lucy. I went with uncle Charles to see the Gobelin tapestry, at Doggett's Repository of the Fine Arts; but he could not tell me the origin of the name. Do you know?

Aunt. Yes, my dear. Henry IV, the first Bourbon, on the throne of France, established a manufactory of tapestry in the vicinity of Paris. It did not succeed very well during his reign; but, under Louis XIV, it came to great perfection. It obtained the name of Gobelin because the house where this celebrated cloth was woven, was built by two brothers of that name. They first brought to Paris the secret of a beautiful scarlet dye, which has preserved their memory. Colbert, the excellent prime minister of Louis XIV, purchased the ground of these brothers; and tapestry, like every other useful and ornamental art, improved rapidly under his patronage. Alexander's battles, the Four Seasons, the Elements, and the principal acts of Louis XIV, were wrought at the Gobelins, from the paintings of the celebrated Le Brun. The pictures of Raphael, and others which were the most beautiful in the king's cabinet, were likewise copied in tapestry.

Lucy. Did the manufacture originate with Henry IV?

Aunt. No, indeed. It is of exceedingly ancient origin. So much so, that it is frequently mentioned in the Scriptures; and, in a famous Grecian poem, written by Homer more than two thousand years ago, the Trojan general complains that if he is defeated by the Greeks, his wife will be taken prisoner and compelled to design his unfortunate battles in the looms of Argos. It has been used for ornamental hangings in the houses of princes and nobles ever since that period.

Lucy. But how can any thing woven, or worked with a needle, be made to look like the delicate shades of painting?

Aunt. In the same way that every other possible thing can be done. By cultivated taste, minute attention, and persevering industry. Miss Linwood's gallery of embroidery, in London, is deservedly famous. A large apartment is completely filled with the beautiful efforts of this young lady's industry. So successfully has she imitated the paintings of the best masters, that, at the distance of a few feet, it would be difficult for a stranger to decide which owed its colouring to the pencil, and which to the needle. In one design, which represents several children as standing by a sparkling fire, she has managed the brilliant colours of the worsted with so much art, that the blaze seems to cast a bright, ruddy glow on the faces of the children, and on the opposite wall. You see, dear Lucy, that industry and attention can accomplish very hard things; and I speak the truth, when I tell you that there is nothing in which they will not enable you to excel.

THE MAN WITH ONE BAD HABIT.

Mr. Upton, of Cambridge, was the son of a poor, industrious cobbler. He learned his father's trade, and being prudent and steady, he was soon in the way of making a comfortable little

property. He married a worthy young woman, who always managed to make their own neat fireside the pleasantest place in the whole world to her hard-working husband. The floor was always nicely sanded, the hearth swept clean, and a plentiful kettle of hot broth or soup was always provided for his return. Things were in this state at the commencement of the war between England and America, well known by the name of the old, or Revolutionary War. Then Mr. Upton felt it his duty to join the army. It was, no doubt, a sad trial to the honest man to leave the place where he had spent so many happy hours; but his wife and children must be defended,—so he buckled on his sword, and without shedding a tear, he hurryed to the camp. His courage and good conduct were soon noticed by the officers, and he was made one of Washington's life-guard. Like every one else, who knew that great and good man, he soon loved him with unbounded attachment and respect. While the General had his headquarters at Cambridge, it was frequently necessary for detachments of the army to make excursions into the neighbouring towns. On one of these occasions, Washington and his lifeguard were pursued by a company of British soldiers. They retired as rapidly as possible, but the English being close upon their rear, they were often obliged to turn and fight. In the midst of the retreat, an Englishman had just raised his sword above the head of the General, when Mr. Upton sprang forward and placed his

body between him and his commander. The uplifted weapon descended upon his thigh, and crippled him for life. After they had safely effected their return to the American barracks, Washington called to inquire concerning the man who had so generously preserved his life at the risk of his own. "Thanks be to God, my General, that your life is saved," exclaimed the wounded soldier; "America could lose such a man as I am, but what could she do without your Honour?"

His wound disabled him for battle, but he continued to perform various services to his country until the close of the war. After seeing his country in the possession of peace and freedom, he returned to his home. True, it was now almost desolate and comfortless. No one had been left to cultivate his small farm, and what little stock he possessed, had been killed for the use of the army. America was then too poor to pay her soldiers for what they had lost and suffered; and Mr. Upton was obliged to contend with poverty as he could. However, his hard-earned bread was sweetened by the respect which was everywhere paid to him. When he swung his axe over his shoulder, and went forth to labour in the woods, he was always welcomed with smiling looks and a cordial shake of the hand from his companions; and the older boys would often call out to their little brothers, "Off with your hat, Joe, and make a bow,—for there is the man who saved General Washington."

The poor soldiers of the Revolution had but

few of those comforts which now make our firesides so cheerful; but, when the long winter-evenings came on, dearly did they love to fight their battles over again,—and often would they say to Mr. Upton, "The loss of your limb in such a cause, neighbour, is a greater honour to you than if you had king George's crown upon your head." The tears would sometimes trickle down his cheeks, as he replied, "The Lord make us thankful that it saved his Honour's life. It is little we should have done against all Burgoyne's troops, if his wisdom had not been at the helm. I am thinking, friends, that I could depart in peace, if I could once more look George Washington in the face, and say, 'God bless your honour.'"

Now, my young readers, this was in 1784, which you all ought to remember was the year after Great Britain acknowledged the Independence of America,—and can you believe, that only four years after, when General Washington desired an interview with Mr. Upton, he was ashamed to grant it? Yes! the man whose bravery had saved his General; whose integrity won the respect of his neighbours; whose industry had procured a comfortable home; and whose kindness had ensured him an affectionate family,—gave way to the sin of intemperate drinking.

Once his little ones used to run out eagerly to kiss his healthy, good-humoured countenance; but now he had become so cross and troublesome, that children were afraid of him. His

firm, bold step had become weak and trembling with intoxication; and his round, handsome face was now red and bloated.

When Washington visited New England, he sent a servant to request a visit from his old preserver. The wretched man heard the summons, and wept aloud. "Heaven knows," said he, "that in my best days I would have walked from here to Mississippi for the honour which Washington now pays me. But I cannot—I cannot carry this shameful face into his presence. Tell General Washington that my love and gratitude will always follow him. Tell him that none but good men have a right to look upon his blessed countenance,—and Mr. Upton is no longer among that number." If ever my young friends should be tempted to persevere in *one* thing, which they know to be wrong, let them remember that *one* bad habit changed Mr. Upton from a brave soldier and a respected citizen, into a worthless and neglected sot;—procured for him the contempt of those who once esteemed him; the fear and distrust of his family; the sorrowful disapprobation of his General; and finally broke his heart with shame and remorse.

ORACLES.

Lucy. I learned a lesson in Grecian History to day, where it relates that the oracle had proclaimed that whoever should untie the Gordian knot, should conquer the world; and that, in consequence of this declaration, Alexander the Great, after trying in vain to untie it, cut it with his sword; and the priest declared the oracle fulfilled in him. I felt very curious to know what these oracles were, and how they knew what was to happen.

Aunt. Oracles may probably be classed among other superstitions by which mankind are to this day willingly deceived. I suppose you have heard a great many signs and forerunners, which the ignorant consider as infallible?

Lucy. Yes, indeed. I know an old lady who will never begin any thing on Friday, because it is an unlucky day. When the tallow falls over in a peculiar form in the candle, she is frightened because it resembles a winding-sheet. And she says she never knew a dog to howl under the window, without some death happened in the family soon after.

Aunt. That must be unfortunate for the inhabitants of a city, who may chance to hear the howling of dogs every night in the week. The truth is, if a person chances to die soon after such a noise has been heard, the circumstance is recollected and repeated; but if nothing ex-

traordinary happens, it is all forgotten, or, at most, it is only remembered that some poor dog had lost his master, and was straying round, mourning his loss. In this way, people are always willing to deceive themselves; and many centuries ago, when the world was more ignorant than it now is, these marvellous things were more generally and more firmly believed. The Grecian priests well knew that there was nothing about which mankind were so anxious, as concerning what would happen to them in time to come. Accordingly, they made them believe that the gods spoke to men through certain images, fountains, &c.; and that if any one wished to know whether he should be successful in any undertaking he was about to commence, he had only to offer a rich sacrifice to the god in order to ascertain. People flocked from all parts of Greece, bringing gold, precious stones, and every thing that was costly as an offering to these oracles. The designing priests returned what answers they chose, and appropriated the gifts to their own use.

Lucy. But how could they always answer rightly? Alexander did conquer the world as they foretold.

Aunt. There are very numerous instances where their predictions were wrong. As for Alexander, they saw that he was a bold, resolute, ambitious man, who was resolved to conquer the world, and so they ventured to predict that he would; and no doubt some nations gave up to him because they believed it impossible to

resist the fate which the oracle had decreed. The priests were generally very cautious in their answers. Sometimes when a great personage inquired concerning an important expedition, they would return no answer at all; and still oftener, they would return one that might be taken two different ways. Thus, when Crœsus inquired whether he should be fortunate if he crossed the Halys, the oracle replied, "If Crœsus pass over the Halys, he shall destroy a great empire." He passed the river, and destroyed his *own* great empire. When Nero applied to the famous oracle at Delphi, the answer was, "Seventy-three may prove fatal to Nero." From this, the emperor concluded that his life was safe from accident, or disease, until he was seventy-three years of age; but he was soon afterwards deserted by his people, and Galba, who was seventy-three years old, was proclaimed king in his stead. He was then willing to believe that the oracle referred to that event. When Pyrrhus intended to go to war with the Romans, he inquired whether he should prove victorious. The answer was, "*Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse*;" which signifies, "I declare, son of Æacus, you the Romans shall conquer." This he supposed a favourable omen; but it must have proved a true oracle in either case,—for it may mean, "You shall conquer the Romans," or "The Romans shall conquer you."

Lucy. Was the Delphian oracle the only one?

Aunt. They were very numerous. The most

remarkable were those of Delphi, Delos, Dodona, and Trophonius. The Delphian oracle was near Mount Parnassus, the fabled resort of the Muses. A splendid temple of Apollo was erected there, in the midst of which was a cavity, from whence issued the most unhealthy and noxious vapour. Out of this the oracle was supposed to proceed. It is said to have been discovered in the following manner. A number of goats, that were feeding on Mount Parnassus, came to a place which was deeply perforated, from which issued a steam that seemed to inspire them. They played and frisked about in such an extraordinary manner that the goatherd was tempted to lean over the hole, and see what mysteries the place contained. He was immediately seized with a fit of enthusiasm, and his wild and extravagant expressions were taken by the ignorant people for prophecies.

Lucy. Was it not very strange that he should be affected in that manner?

Aunt. Not at all strange, my dear. The vapour probably contained some gas, which had a powerful effect on the human frame. You recollect cousin William said he behaved like a crazy man when he inhaled the exhilarating gas. Probably this had a similar effect on the brain. Whatever it was, it gained great credit with the people. A temple was erected over the spot, and dedicated to Apollo. A priestess, who was called Pythia, or Pythoness, was ordained to receive the oracles and deliver them to inquirers. A lofty tripod, decorated with laurel.

was placed over the hole whence the vapour issued; and after the priestess had bathed in the renowned Castalian spring, she ascended the tripod, and breathed in the noxious air from beneath. When she inhaled unusual quantities, she was often seized with violent paroxysms; and once her symptoms were so terrible, that the affrighted priests ran out of the temple, and left her alone, as they supposed to expire. When she was in these fits, she uttered strange and incoherent speeches, which the priests pretended to interpret, and which the people were credulous enough to believe proceeded from the god himself. All who came to consult the oracle, brought rich presents. In process of time, the wealth of the priests was immense, the temple magnificent beyond description. It was crowded with marble and brazen statues, paintings, gold, and precious stones. So numerous were the images, that when Nero removed five hundred statues of brass, the loss was too small to be noticed. There are still some remains of this celebrated place. The steps by which the priestess descended to the Castalian fountain, are still distinctly visible. Dodona is principally famous for being the most ancient oracle. It was consecrated to Jupiter; and, according to the fables of those times it was founded by a dove. Two black doves took their flight from Thebes in Egypt; one of which flew to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, and the other to the temple of Jupiter, at Dodona, in Thessaly or Epirus. In a human voice, they informed the

inhabitants that Jupiter had consecrated the ground, and would from thenceforth utter oracles there. These oracles were sometimes supposed to proceed from the doves, and sometimes from the oaks and statues in the neighbourhood; but in all probability, it was the artifice of the priests, who concealed themselves behind the trees, and thus deceived the superstitious multitude. Another famous oracle was at the cave of Trophonius. Noises and voices were said to be heard in this cave; and those who entered to ascertain their fortune, always came out pale, frightened, and melancholy. This effect was likewise probably produced by some powerful vapour in the cave, unwholesome for the human lungs.

Lucy. Have oracles ceased in all parts of the world.

Aunt. I believe they are now entirely extinct. Many impositions of the priests were discover ed, and the Greeks at last became ashamed of their credulity. Nations which are enlightened by Christianity, not only perceive the impossibility of discovering future events in this manner, but they are likewise convinced how very useless such knowledge would prove; since our Merciful Father provides for nations and men in a way that must tend to the eventual good of both.

THE

HOSPITABLE DOG OF ST. BERNARD.

All was hushed and peaceful around the solitary convent of St. Bernard. The mild and cheerful moon looked down on the deep silence of the frozen hills. The icicles gleamed in the chill light, and the snow lay upon the brow of the mountain, like fantastic wreaths of pearl. The vesper bell had tolled, and the monks were kneeling in the stillness of devotion, when the loud bark of the convent dog announced the arrival of a stranger. The calls of hospitality were never unanswered at St Bernard's; and the porter, rising from his prayers, and blessing the stranger in the name of his saint, opened the doors of the mansion. The kind-hearted old man saw a sight to strike the hardest heart with melancholy and compassion. A tall female of majestic figure, and a countenance all pale and lovely, stood at the gate. An infant, apparently two years old, clung round her neck, half in fear, half in tenderness. The light snow, which had fallen before sunset, lay in neglected drifts upon her shoulders, save where it had melted beneath the hands of the shivering little sufferer. Her eye was bright and sparkling; but whoever gazed on it, turned away with a sickening sigh,—for it was too evident that the light which flashed there, was the wild and fitful

gleaming of insanity. The aged porter brushed away a tear as he said, "In the name of God and our patron saint, enter where there is food and warmth for thee." The unfortunate being neither spoke nor smiled. She followed to a room where a cheerful fire was blazing, and drawing close towards it, she leaned her head on her hand, in apparent stupefaction. She refused the cordial, which the monks held to her lips; and when the father Superior, who was a kind and holy man, folded his hands over her head, and whispered a prayer and a blessing, she started as if she had seen a drawn sword. But the innocent babe, when he began to revive by the warmth, looked timidly on the kind faces around him, and lisped for bread. "Take the child, wrap it in a warm blanket, and give it necessary food," said the Superior. One of the monks, having made ready some warm milk, prepared to obey him; but the mother shrieked, and held the child in such a close and desperate embrace, that the terrified boy struggled and screamed. "Nobody shall take him away, my daughter," said the Abbot in a soothing tone. "Come, my dear boy, drink some milk from my hand." The child grasped the porringer with all the eagerness of infant hunger. His mother looked on that kind old priest, and the tears fell fast on the neck of her son, as she said, "His father ever spoke thus."

She wept freely for a long time, and the effort seemed to relieve her loaded heart. When they again offered her a reviving cordial, she

drank it; and when they spread their simple meal before her, she partook sparingly, and answered their questions with some degree of rationality. The considerate priest, however, forbore to inquire into the cause of her distressing situation, until she had partaken of the repose which her exhausted frame so much required. A comfortable mattress was prepared, and a long, deep, and refreshing slumber soon passed over the senses of the weary stranger. When she awoke in the morning, reason seemed perfectly restored;—and when asked why she had ventured alone among those dreary and almost impassible mountains, she gave the following account. "I lived with my mother in the north of Switzerland, until about three years since;—when, contrary to her wishes, I married a French soldier, and went with him to Paris. Almost all my countrymen were animated by a deep and settled hatred of Buonaparte; and my mother, in the pride of her heart, could not forgive me for marrying one of his poor foot-soldiers;—so I stole away from the land of my nativity, and left my widowed mother to age and solitude. I know not whether this conduct was right. Much as I loved Gaspar, I am sure it almost breaks my heart to think of it." "It was wrong, my dear child," interrupted the old priest. "The passions of youth pass away; but she who walketh in the path of duty layeth up a store for her old age." "I believe it, holy father," she replied. "I passed three years of uninterrupted happiness with my husband: but I can truly

say, I would give them all, had I never occasioned a pang to the heart of a parent. I need hardly tell you," she continued, "that we remained in poverty and neglect for a long time. But the emperor Napoleon was ever kind to his soldiers; and as ready to reward merit as he was quick to discover it. He found Gaspar shrewd and faithful, and he raised him to an honourable post in the army. I shall never forget how my poor foolish heart was lifted up when he received his commission. It was the day before the famous battle of Austerlitz. When he buckled on his sword, I wept to think I might never see him again; but he kissed me, and bade me be of good cheer. "For," said he, "if I am lucky at Austerlitz, I shall rise still higher in the favour of my General, and you may yet go back to Switzerland with a husband of whom your relations need not be ashamed." I smiled through my tears, and when I saw him depart to join his troops, I knelt down and prayed to God that his life might be spared. It was a dreadful day. For hours I listened to the loud report of the cannon, till, unable longer to endure my feelings, I went to a high hill in the neighbourhood, and looked down upon the battle. I carried a spy-glass, with which I soon distinguished my husband." For a long time I saw him waving his sword in the thickest of the fight. I saw an arm raised aver his head—I saw the weapon descend into his brain. He fell—and I remembered nothing more, until six weeks afterwards, when I found myself in a neighbouring con-

vent. The nuns were kind to me, and did every thing to restore me; but it was very long before that uplifted sword, and that gushing blood left my memory, even for a moment. The good sisterhood obtained my child for me, and when I thought health and reason were sufficiently restored, I took my boy and set out to beg my way back to my mother. The Abbess provided me with a good store of clothes and provisions, and loading them with blessings for their kindness, I set out on my wearisome way. I have stopped at many religious houses, holy father, at all of which I have received spiritual and temporal comfort. At the last place I rested, they gave me directions to St. Bernard's. I thought I should reach here the first day; but I believe my mind has been sadly deranged, for I scarcely remember any thing that has happened since I left the last convent. I lost my way in my delirium, and should never have found it, had not your dog met me, and by his whinings and caresses induced me to follow him. Amid the confusion of my thoughts, I had a floating idea that he was one of those dogs which the holy fathers train to seek those who are lost among the mountains. The faithful animal guided me over icy precipices and through deep snows; but I do not recollect how I came hither."

The widow of Gaspar remained two days at the convent of St. Bernard's, recruiting her exhausted strength; but no entreaties could prevail on her to stay longer. Having received a basket of provisions, some cordial, and direc-

tions to the next convent, she knelt down to receive the blessing of the old priest, then took up her child and departed. When she left, it was a clear, cold, cloudless winter's day; but before night closed in, the skies blackened, and a tremendous storm of wind and hail came thundering down the sides of the mountain. "What will become of the poor wanderer who departed from here this morning?" said the Superior. "Benedict, fasten a bottle of cordial round the neck of Withold, and send him in search of her. He hath saved her once, perhaps he may bring her back in safety."

The porter obeyed; and the generous, sagacious dog set out to face the driving storm. The night passed, and Withold returned not; but the next day his loud and peculiar whine was heard at the gate of the convent. Benedict hastened to open it, and found that Withold had arrived, bearing on has back an almost lifeless child. They unloosed the little hands, which were clenched tight round the dog's neck, and found that it was the child of the heart-broken stranger. The dog wagged his tail, and jumped up with every demonstration of joy, when he saw his little burden laid down by the warm hearth; but, suddenly changing his manner, he made a low, piteous moan, and seizing the robe of one of the monks, who was in the habit of assisting him in his humane excursions, he dragged him forcibly towards the door. "Holy St. Bernard!" exclaimed the Abbot, "the wretched mother has perished. Three of you follow the dog."

They did according to his orders, and before the next noon, they found the helpless woman dead on the drifted snow. They supported her home, and finding all restoratives were applied in vain, they buried her decently in the cloister of the convent. The child knew not what was done with his mother, and he would sometimes sob for hours when he found she did not return to him. By degrees, however, the tenderness of the monks won upon his childish affections. He became healthy and cheerful; and when he looked up in the face of the priest, with the bright, sunny, cherub smile of innocence and love, the old man blessed him in the recesses of his heart, and felt amply rewarded for all his exertions. A letter was written to his grandmother in the north of Switzerland, and in less than a year she came to claim him. The old lady wept bitterly when the priest pointed to her daughter's grave and recounted the circumstances of her death. "Ah," said she, "would that the victor of Austerlitz could count the broken hearts occasioned by a victory. Methinks it would teach him to sheath his sword, and learn war no more."

The little fugitive who was saved in so singular a manner, still lives with his grandmother. He sometimes trudges over the mountains to visit the good oid priest, and he never forgets to bless the hospitable dog of St. Bernard.

CONVERSATION ON WEALTH.

Lucy. Aunt, what made you say that Miss Lovegold was very foolish when she said she should be perfectly happy with two thousand dollars a year?

Aunt. Because, my dear, experience has taught me that our happiness depends very little upon wealth, or any other circumstance which is not wholly in our own power. To be good,—to follow what we know and feel to be right, comprises the whole of happiness. He who regulates his life according to the laws of his Almighty Father, will be happy, let his situation in life be what it may; and he who acts, thinks, or feels contrary to the rules of religion, would always be more or less unhappy, though the treasures of creation were poured forth at his feet.

Lucy. I am sure some rich folks appear happy, very happy, whom one would not think were much influenced by religion; and some poor folks, who are very clever, are very much distressed.

Aunt. The world is very deceitful in its appearances, my child. I do not mean that the rich man is not often happy. I simply mean, that his happiness depends upon his own disposition and feelings, not upon his wealth. The man, who lives for his own selfish gratification, has very little real enjoyment, however happy he

may seem; and if a poor man is very discontented, he certainly indulges wrong feelings. Happiness is always found in the path of goodness, and only there. He who never does a thing which he even fears to be wrong, will always find abundance of comfort even in the midst of affliction.

Lucy. But wealth makes one so useful, Aunt. I am sure I should love to be rich of all things. And then one would be so much followed and admired.

Aunt. Ah, Lucy, I am afraid you would like to be rich more because it would make you of some importance in society, than because it would serve to make you useful to your fellow-creatures. Were you not thinking more of carriages, and servants, and fine equipage, than of any particular good you would do, just at that moment?

Lucy. I believe I was. But then one might be more useful for being rich. Might he not?

Aunt. Unquestionably. Riches, like every thing else, are valuable in proportion to their *real use.* But however much or little a man may possess, he who makes the best possible use of whatever gifts, or faculties he has, is rich indeed. As for the respect which would be paid you merely on account of wealth, I fancy it would prove like the attention which the Frenchman supposed was paid to him in the streets of Paris.

Lucy. What was that?

Aunt. A Frenchman, famous for his vanity,

paraded through the principal streets of Paris, endeavouring by his fine clothes and popular manners to attract the attention of the public. Being fatigued, he rested against a tree at the head of an avenue, which was presently filled with crowds of people, passing to and fro; and to his great surprise, he observed them all, young and old, salute him as they passed. He, of course, returned the civility by doffing and bowing. "Surely," thought he, "I must be more known and applauded than I imagined." Tired at last of removing his hat so often, he stood bare-headed, and contented himself with returning all their salutations by graceful nods. At length a woman threw herself on her knees before him, and seemed to pay him the most profound reverence. "Rise, woman," said he, "I surely have done nothing to deserve all this respect." He stooped to give her his hand, and in so doing he heard the pious woman whisper a prayer. He looked up, and saw an image of the Virgin Mary affixed to a tree just above his head. This image is worshipped by the Roman Catholics; and he, being a Catholic, readily perceived that it was the object of all that respect, which he had foolishly imagined was paid to himself.

Lucy. I suppose you mean that all the admiration we may receive, because we stand under the image of wealth, is of as little value.

Aunt. I do. As riches generally originate in something, for which we deserve no applause, we ought not to feel flattered if we receive it,

nor covet it if we do not. Be assured that those praises and attentions which are not won by our virtues, produce little comfort; but if we resolutely pursue what we think is right, we shall be happy whether the world knows of our goodness or not.

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

A DRAMA.

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

OLD MR. FIRELOCK,
MRS. FIRELOCK,
GENERAL WASHINGTON.

SCENE—*Trenton, New Jersey.*

Old Mr. Firelock enters, and places his crutch behind the door.

Firelock. It's true enough, good woman, the General is hard by; and the ladies are making grand preparations for his Honour's arrival. There are ever so many pillars fixed up on the bridge, and as grand an arch as you ever put eyes on, all covered with verses, and evergreen, and flowers. I hobbled down to see it myself, and it did my old heart good.

Mrs. Firelock. It will be a blithe sight, no doubt, when all the ladies are tricked out in their best bibs and tuckers, and the gentlemen in their new breeches and waistcoats. But, Joe, though you spilt some of your best blood fighting for this same Washington, yet, good man as he is, I'm thinking he will carry his head too high for poor folks, now he is made a President.

Firelock. Not he, Nabby. I've seen him bind up a poor soldier's wound and ask him about his wife and children, just the same as if he had been his own blood brother instead of his General; and no man can say that Washington ever forgot a piece of service, though he was obliged to load his memory with every thing. For my part, I don't want anything more than just to see him and bless him before I die. And see him I will; (*rising and striking his cane on the floor,*) for I'll trust my rough old face before him, let who will be in the way. Though, after all, (*looking sad as he seated himself*) it is likely enough he has forgotten his poor, worn-out soldier.

Mrs. Firelock. It will be a hard case if he has. Wasn't you with him from '75 to the taking of Cornwallis? And did'nt you risk your own life at White Marsh, when he sent you into the very heart of Howe's army?

Firelock. You know little about armies, Nabby, if you think that was the only time I risked blood and bones. Howsomever, I would do it all again with a willing heart, if I thought the General would remember me; but if he

should'nt, it is no such dreadful great harm,—for nobody can tell how much he has had to think about. I trow, though, it has been enough to turn any other man's head. Let me tell you, good wife, if you had served six long years with him, you could not help loving him.

Mrs. Firelock. I do love him better than any body in the world but you, Joe; but I do think you undervalue yourself sometimes when you are talking about him. Howsomever, I say, God bless him, with all my heart,—and keep him from forgetting the poor souls who have put their lives in jeopardy for him. We had better be stirring to bed; and early in the morning we will send down to Nat's wife to bring her flax up here,—for they can't see Washington pass where they live. I think it is likely, Lucy will have one of her pretty oak garlands ready for the occasion.

SCENE II.

Trenton bridge, beautifully decorated with arches, interlaced with flowers and evergreen. The bridge on either side lined with young ladies and children dressed in white and carrying baskets of wild flowers. Mr. Firelock leaning on his crutch at the end of the bridge, with a garland of oak leaves and acorns. Music heard at a distance—and presently the trampling of horses. The old man listens eagerly for a moment, when Washington, followed by a train of officers and spectators, enters upon the bridge.

sugar was obtained from parsnips and carrots; but the process was found too expensive to carry on this manufacture to any extent."

Robert. How do they make sugar from the sugar cane?

Aunt. I will give you your answer from the same book,—which, by the way, I trust you will soon have a curiosity to study. "The juice of the plant is first squeezed out by pressing it between two pieces of iron. It is then boiled with lime water, which makes a thick scum rise to the surface. The clarified liquor, after being slowly strained, is suffered to crystallize by standing in a vessel, the bottom of which is perforated with holes, that are imperfectly stopped, in order that the syrup may drain off. The sugar obtained by this process is a coarse, brown powder, commonly called raw, or moist sugar; it undergoes another operation to be converted into loaf sugar For this purpose it is dissolved in water, and afterwards purified by means of an animal substance, called albumen. White of eggs and bullock's blood consist chiefly of albumen, and are consequently often used to purify liquors. This albuminous fluid being thoroughly mixed with the syrup, collects together all the impure particles and rises with them to the surface, where it forms a thick scum. The clear liquor is again boiled down to a proper thickness, and poured into moulds in the shape of a pyramid, and is thus formed into loaf sugar. But an additional process is required to whiten it; to this effect the mould is turned with its base, or lar-

gest part, upwards, which is covered with clay, through which water is made to pass. The water slowly trickling through the sugar, combines with, and carries off the colouring matter."

Robert. I am glad to hear that the bullock's blood is washed out before we eat the sugar.

Aunt. That is just what the little girl said in the chemical book, which I quoted.

Robert. Well, Aunt, I am glad the English girl and I thought of the same thing, though the Atlantic ocean is between us.

THE INDIANS OUTWITTED.

Daniel Malcolm, an honest, hard-working young man, had arrived at the age of twenty-five when he first began to think of commencing a settlement in the wilderness of Maine. Naturally enthusiastic in his hopes, and persevering in his plans, he soon persuaded five or six of his companions to enter warmly into his views. Early in the spring they provided themselves with necessary tools, and departed amid the tears and blessings of their parents. With much labour they felled trees, constructed log huts for themselves, and planted the uncultivated soil; and thus did this handful of industrious young men lay the foundation of what is now the pleasant town of Brunswick, on the Androscoggin. It was no doubt hard to toil all day long, and then

return weary and care-worn to his solitary hut; but he who is willing to observe and reflect, will always find something to beguile a tedious hour. Malcolm had always been a man of shrewdness and observation, and he soon found that nature was constantly exhibiting something to amuse and instruct him in his lonely situation. Hours and hours would he sit watching the beavers, as they cut down the trees with their long, sharp teeth. Sometimes he would cautiously follow them as they rolled the logs along and tumbled them into the river; and he never failed to admire their wonderful sagacity in always cutting the trees above the place where they wanted them, that the current might carry them down the stream. When they found it difficult to select a pond, or any place of still water, where they might erect their habitations, he observed that they always stopped the current by building a dike, or dam, just above their houses, and thus prevented their work from being washed away. They would drive the logs into the bed of the river with surprising strength and ingenuity, and then interweave slender, supple stakes, so as form a kind of basket-work. Still the water would find its way through the openings, and, in order to prevent its encroachments, these industrious animals would set off in companies, and come back with their broad, flat tails loaded with clay, which they would work into a kind of mortar, so as to fill up every cavity. When finished, each building was large enough to contain eight or ten inhabitants; and

each beaver had a particular cell assigned him, the floor of which he covered with dry leaves, or small branches of pine, so as to render it clean and comfortable. These, and many other wonderful things, Malcolm noticed, which served powerfully to remind him of his Almighty Father; and he used often to say to his brethren, "Verily the doings of the Lord are more marvellous in the wilderness, than in the haunts of men." But patience, industry, and observation were not the only qualities which Malcolm's situation required. The Indians were his inveterate enemies, and his undaunted courage had so often stood the test, that they almost despaired of ever being able to make him their prisoner. Malcolm generally felt secure from their attacks in the winter season, as they were usually absent at Moose Head Lake, on their far distant hunting excursions; and at such times he used fearlessly to venture miles from his companions. Once, very early in the spring, he went alone into the forest for the purpose of spliting rails from the spruce. Not being at all apprehensive of the return of the Indians so early in the season, he was busily engaged in his work, and had just begun to open a log with small wedges, when he was surprised by five Indians, who crept up behind him and secured the musket, which was lying by his side.

"Surgurnumbly"* said the chief, "now me got you. Long me want you. You long time

* I am ignorant of the meaning of this name. It was probably given to signify how much they hated him.

worry the Indians. Me got you now. You must look up stream, to Canada." "Well," answered Malcolm, with astonishing presence of mind, "it is true I am your prisoner, and must go wherever you say; but just help me open this log before I go." Not suspecting his intention, they all agreed to his request. Malcolm prepared a large wooden wedge, and carefully drove it; he then took out his small wedges, and told the Indians to place their fingers in the partially cleft wood, and help to pull it open. They obeyed;—and he suddenly knocked out his blunt wedge, when the elastic wood instantly closed on their fingers and secured them all his prisoners.

INDIAN TRIBES.

Robert. You told us a story about the Indians, last night. Pray, if they were so very thick when Maine was first settled, where can they all have fled?

Aunt. Two hundred years since, they were indeed a numerous, brave, and generous people, though they were savages. But war and various diseases have almost destroyed their name among the nations. In New England there are only the scanty remnants of what were once powerful tribes. Of the Narragansets, the Mount Haup Indians, the Pequods, the Penob

scots, and the Tarateens, we can only say they have been. In their own expressive language, they have melted, like frost, before the breath of the white men.

Robert. But what right had we to take away their lands?

Aunt. I should think it was difficult to prove what right we have to their property, unless fairly purchased by their own consent. In most instances, the Indians sold their land willingly, and were paid honourably; but it is to be feared they are too often cruelly imposed upon.

Robert. Does not the President think it wrong to cheat them out of their lands?

Aunt. The government of the United States, no doubt, intend to be just in their dealings with this unfortunate race; but the business is sometimes entrusted to agents, who are artful, dishonest men. If the United States enter into an agreement with a tribe to furnish them with a quantity of the best gunpowder, or the best blankets, in exchange for their lands, they send the promised articles to their agents; but it is said that these wicked men frequently sell the good articles, and supply the Indians with moth-eaten blankets, and powder that will not take fire. Exasperated by these insults, the injured tribe will often go to war with our people, while we, ignorant of what they suffer, complain of them as a nation in whom we can put no trust.

Robert. But were not the Indians always bloodthirsty?

Aunt. Being ignorant of the peaceful, mild

precepts of the Gospel, they have been, and still are, revengeful and cruel. Still there are many traits in their character to excite our admiration, and much in their situation that deserves our pity. They were naturally high-minded, and strict in the observance of all those things, which they had been taught to regard as honourable. They were unrivalled in bold, native eloquence; and nothing could exceed their constancy and generosity in friendship, or their fortitude and patience under trials and hardships.

Robert. I have heard them called great liars and thieves.

Aunt. If those charges are true, I believe they may be almost entirely traced to their intercourse with the white men. This idea was well expressed in a shrewd, sarcastic reply of one of the western chiefs. He was telling an American of some wonderful adventures, which his nephew had met with while hunting. The American shook his head, as if he doubted the truth of his stories, and asked, "Do you believe these things yourself?" "I do believe them," replied the Indian. "for my nephew told me himself; and *he has never seen a white man.*"

Robert. The western Indians are more like native Indians than those we sometimes see among us. Are they not?

Aunt. Oh, yes. Here they are almost extirpated. It is even a rare thing to see a solitary individual walking along with his baskets and brooms. What few there are, have learned the

vices of our bad men, without profiting much by the instructions of our good ones. In the western states and territories they are more as Indians used to be. Indeed there are many tribes in North America that are really powerful and independent nations. Woodbridge's Geography estimates the number in our states at 100,000, and in our territories at 300,000.

Robert. Have there been no pains taken to instruct and civilize them?

Aunt. Yes. Much has been done. In many instances our efforts have proved successful; though, in general, their civilization has proved a difficult task. "The Iroquois are settled in the western part of New York. Among these, the Oneida and Tuscarora Indians have regular churches and ministers," and are said to be active and intelligent.

Robert. What were the principal tribes in this part of the country?

Aunt. The tribes which I mentioned at the beginning of our conversation were famous among our forefathers. "The most important in the states bordering on the Atlantic, were the Monhekanneews and the six nations of the Iroquois. A few of these are still scattered through New England and New York. The most noted tribes between Ohio river and the gulf of Mexico, are the Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Creeks. Some of them, especially the Cherokees, are well educated and are possessed of large plantations and numerous slaves." The Cherokees are said to have originated near

Charleston, South Carolina; but they are now in Tennessee and Georgia. The Chickasaws came from west of the Mississippi. They now claim the land between Tennessee river and Muscle Shoals. Once they were a very strong and haughty nation. They carried war even into Mexico and New Spain, and considered all the tribes on the Mobile as their brethren. But though they have adopted the remnants of various tribes, they are but a handful compared to what they have been. In the northern parts, around lake Michigan and lake Superior, are found the Knisteneaux and Chipewayans. The latter formerly inhabited Labrador and the countries on the St. Lawrence. The Knisteneaux are intelligent, mild, and honest. "The Sioux, Pawnee, and Osage Indians, found on the Missouri and its branches, are the most robust and warlike tribes we know." The Choctaws reside in and about the state of Mississippi. The Creeks are so called by the traders, because they inhabit a country very much intersected by creeks. I do not know the limits of their territory; but it is in, and near Florida. They are divided into Muscogees, or Middle Creeks, and the Seminoles, or Lower Creeks.

Robert. Was it not with the Seminoles that General Jackson fought so many battles?

Aunt. It was. They were numerous, proud, and wealthy, before 1812; but during the troubles of that period, their king, Payne, was killed, while fighting bravely in the field, and his brother, Bow Leg, died soon after of a broken

heart. Their defeat, in 1818, entirely broke them up and dispersed them all over the country. A few of them live by fishing, while others, emaciated and naked, supply wood to the city of St. Augustine, carried in bundles on their backs. It is said their numbers in Florida do not exceed eight hundred,—and those are humbled in the dust, and willing to submit to any thing for the sake of life and food.

Robert. How I do wish something could be done to make all the Indians as happy and prosperous as we are.

Aunt. It is indeed desirable. But it is probable that in the course of a few hundred years, they will cease to exist as a distinct people. The Americans are constantly buying their lands in order to form new states, and thus driving them farther and farther towards the Pacific. The following remark of an old warrior is, even now, almost literally true. When General Lincoln went to negotiate with the western Indians for another grant of land, the chief remained silent for a few minutes,—and then asked him to take a seat on a log by his side. Presently he requested the General to move. He did so. In a short time he desired him to move still farther. He continued to repeat his request until General Lincoln reached the utmost extremity of the log. When again asked to move, he replied, "I cannot move farther, I am already at the end of the log." "Thus it is with us," rejoined the Indian. You have driven us to the sea-shore, and still you ask us to move on."

BOTANICAL HINTS.

Lucy. The other day you said you should like to have me study botany as soon as the plants began to appear; but I think I should not like it; for it seems to me like a long list of hard names. If a blossom is pretty, why should one care what class or order it belongs to.

Aunt. The mere knowledge of the classes and orders would indeed be of little use, were they not absolutely necessary to assist the mind in recollecting all the varieties of this highly interesting study. The mere lines of latitude and longitude would be useless did they not serve to impress upon your mind the relative situation of places, &c. Botany, like every other science that depends upon the observation of nature, increases our reverence for Almighty wisdom. By its assistance "we follow nature into her most minute cells, and beautiful hiding-places; and we always return with a new tribute of praise to Him who has made all 'so wonderous fair.'" My own knowledge of botany is very imperfect; but what little I do know has given me additional reason to admire the economy and order which everywhere pervade creation. You would be surprised, I suppose, to hear that a plant was supplied with blood-vessels, nerves, and lungs, as well as ourselves?

Lucy. Indeed I should. Is there really so much similarity between a plant and an animal?

Aunt. The analogy between them is very striking. In the first place every living plant is covered with a skin, which has been discovered to be full of little holes or pores, that carry off the perspiration, like the human skin.

Lucy. But is it really like the skin of animals?

Aunt. It has not the same appearance, but it is made for the same uses; viz. to shield the inside of the plant from injury, to suck in moisture, and carry off perspiration. We find it varies in thickness, both in animals and plants. "In the former, from the exquisitely delicate film which covers the eye, to the hard skin of the hand and foot, and the far coarser covering of the Tortoise, or Rhinoceros; in the latter, it is scarcely less delicate on the petals of a flower, and scarcely less hard on the leaves of the Pearly Aloe, or coarse on the trunk of the Plane tree. In the numerous layers which peel off from the Birch, we see a resemblance to the scales that separate on the back of the Tortoise."

Lucy. When you spoke of the pores, did you mean that a plant perspires, as we do in warm weather?

Aunt. I certainly did. The large, annual sunflower is said to perspire seventeen times as much as a man in the course of twenty-four hours; and the quantity of moisture that evaporates from the Cornelian Cherry, in the same time, is said to be nearly equal to twice the weight of the whole shrub.

Lucy. Why do we not see the moisture in drops upon the leaves?

Aunt. It gradually passes off into the air, like steam; but by introducing a thriving branch into a glass vessel sufficiently large, it has been collected in the form of a clear, watery liquor, resembling sap.

Lucy. Did you say that the leaves likewise drew in dampness from the air?

Aunt. They do,—just in the proportion which the plant requires. Flowers that grow in the water, or in very moist places, require a great deal of wet. If you pull up such plants you will find that the God of nature has wisely supplied them with roots and stems full of holes, like a sponge. The pond lily is an example. It is said that some plants are constructed in such a manner as to hold water a great while, as well as to take it in freely; being furnished with pores like a wire mouse-trap,—into which, you know, a mouse can easily find his way, but it is impossible for him to escape.

Lucy. What other good is done by the leaves?

Aunt. They draw in air for the nourishment of the plant, and thus perform the same office that our lungs do in enabling us to breathe.

Lucy. Are the blood-vessels you mentioned, in the leaves?

Aunt. The sap-vessels, corresponding to our blood-vessels, are little spiral tubes, which run up through the stem, and branch off into every leaf, in the same way that our veins extend from our body into our arms, and from them into every finger?

Lucy. Why are leaves so universally green?

Aunt. There is a substance under the cuticle, or skin, that is full of little cells, containing green colouring matter. There is a similar substance under the human skin. You must know that the skin of a negro is as white as your own; but there happens to be black colouring matter beneath it.

Lucy. That seems very strange. I should hardly believe that the skin of a negro was perfectly white, if *you* had not told me so. Why does this colouring matter continue green all the year in some trees?

Aunt. "The reason of evergreens' retaining their foliage through the winter is supposed to arise from a great abundance of oil in their barks, which preserves them from the effects of cold;" for this green colouring matter seems to be affected by warmth, as well as the famous sympathetic ink.

Lucy. What is that made from?

Aunt. It is procured from a beautiful green salt produced by the combination of cobalt and muriatic acid. Both substances are much used in chemistry, though you are probably unacquainted with them. "The ink that is thus made is invisible while cold, but upon a slight application of heat it assumes a fine blueish green colour."

Lucy. To return to Botany—of what use is the root?

Aunt. The plainest use is its enabling the plant to stand firm in the ground. Bulbous roots

are a curious provision against the cold. They are large buds enclosing the whole germ of what is afterwards the perfect plant. Economy is always observable in the works of God. Hence we find that bulbs are very uncommon in warm countries, because they are not necessary. Indeed it requires very little observation to convince us of the goodness of God in providing for the safety and comfort of all created things; and of His wisdom in bestowing nothing that is not intended for some important use. There is a familiar example of His care in the Pea blossom. "The top of the flower is large and spreading, and therefore called the banner. At the approach of rain, this banner presses over, spreads open the side leaves, and partly covers them; and thus the seed is sheltered from the injury of wind and rain. When the storm is over, the flower, as if sensible of the alteration, erects its standard as before." Many plants are armed with thorns, prickles, &c. to defend them from the depredations of animals. The poisonous Henbane is covered with disagreeable, clammy juice, no doubt intended to drive away insects that would otherwise injure it. The side-saddle flower, so common in our meadows, has a leaf like a tube, large enough to hold a wine glass of water. This leaf spreads at the top, but a little lower down it is pinched in, like the neck of a bottle, and lined with stiff hairs. This is the reason why it is so often found full of dead insects;—for when once the water entices them to enter, they find it difficult to get out again.

There is likewise a plant called Nepenthes, which has a tubular leaf, shut close like a tankard. This covering is easily lifted up by insects and small worms, who often enter in search of pure water, and die there. The Catch-fly has a fetid, sticky substance under its flowers, which prevents any creature from stealing the honey, or devouring the fine, yellow meal, that fertilizes the seed The Fly-eater has the smell of carrion, which invites the flies to lay their eggs in the chamber of the flower; but as the blossom opens, the sharp hairs point inwards, and when the worms are hatched from the eggs, they find themselves imprisoned beyond the power of escape. Venus' Fly-trap has leaves growing very near the ground, armed with long thorns, or teeth. These leaves are so irritable, that the moment an insect crawls upon them, they fold up and crush it to death.

The means which are taken to scatter seed are likewise very curious. The Dandelion is furnished with a little feathery wing, in order that the wind may more easily waft it from place to place. The seeds of the Mouse-ear, or Scorpion-grass, are covered with little hooked prickles, by which they adhere to every think that touches them, and are thus transported all over the country. The seed vessel of the poppy is full of holes at the top, like a cullender, for the purpose of sifting out the seed as soon as they are ripe. The Giant Throatwort bows down when it goes to seed, and rises after they are all scattered on the ground. The cup of the Hood-

ed Willow-herb closes over the seed, which would forever remain shut up, did not the cup burst into two separate parts, and thus enable the seed to fall to the earth. The case is similar with the Lady's Delight, or Forget-me-not The Balsam, or Touch-me-not, is so exceedingly irritable, that the moment it is touched, it explodes, and sends the seed in every direction. But the most wonderful provision of nature is shown in the seeds of the Laurel Magnolia. The seed vessel is shaped like a Pine-apple, and each little cell contains a seed about the size of a bean. These seeds are fastened to the scaly cone by a strong white filament, which stretches more and more as the fruit ripens, until they hang in clusters several inches below the seed-vessel. Thus nature literally hangs them out to ripen in the sunshine.

Lucy. I did not know there were so many wonderful things in Botany. I think I *should* like to study it.

Aunt. I am glad to hear you say so. And I beg of you not to be like the sluggard, who "loveth the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking the shell." Since there is so much to be learned from this elegant and useful study, do not let a few names to which you have hitherto been unused, deprive you of so much pleasure and instruction.

FLAX AND DODDER.

A FABLE.

A SMALL bird flying through the air, with a flax-seed in its mouth, chanced to drop it in a rich, moist field. The circumstance happened to come to the knowledge of a little breeze, who entertained a great respect for flax; and no sooner was he informed of it than he hastened towards it and blew the dirt over the seed, in order that it might take root. The next day there was a mild, refreshing shower, and the flax-seed, which had been hitherto asleep in its shell, began to be aware that there was a great commotion going on within him. At first he was a little frightened, but a root of grass that grew near, whispered to him not to be alarmed, for in a short time he would be a flourishing plant, with handsome green leaves and a perfectly formed root. At first the seed did not believe this; but he soon found that both leaves and root were preparing to come forward, and constantly plaguing him with their opposite inclinations. The root loved moisture, and was determined to dive into the earth for it; but the leaves rejoiced in the light, and constantly struggled to rise above ground. The seed felt unable to check their efforts, so he suffered them to burst through his shell and seek happiness in their own way. Not many weeks had passed,

however, before he was convinced that all had been wisely ordered; for the leaves, having found their way up, enjoyed the beams of light, and constantly supplied the root with air to breathe; while the root, in return for this kindness, uniformly furnished them with moisture to drink. Thus the flax grew on luxuriantly, and was as happy and prosperous as flax could be. In the midst of his beauty and strength, he noticed a little twining plant that came up at his feet, with leaves resembling wax-work. Struck with its handsome appearance, he was about to ask its name, when the talkative thing began as follows :—" Really, you are the handsomest piece of flax that ever I looked upon. If I could have chosen my place of residence throughout the whole world, I am sure I should have selected a spot where I could gaze upon you. Pray will you honour me so much as to allow my tendrils to lean against your stem ?" Such flattering expressions made the poor flax quite vain, and he readily complied with a request that had been made with so much humility. For a long time the vine continued to twine round the plant so affectionately that the flax believed it to be the kindest and most polite thing alive. However, he soon perceived that his leaves were becoming yellow, and his strength wasting away,—and notwithstanding the smooth words of his visiter, he began to suspect that the artful intruder must be the cause. One day he ventured to request the vine to remove to some neighbouring vegetable, for he was really

fearful there was no longer nourishment enough to support them both. "A pretty speech truly," replied the angry destroyer. "Pray tell me if such a vulgar thing as you are,—made to be cut down, and spun, and woven into cloth, presumes to offer such language to a gentlemanly plant, that has nothing to do for a living?" The flax sighed deeply, and answered, "Your proud conversation convinces me who you are. Your name is dodder—the deceitful enemy of me and all my relations. You pretend to twine round us in an affectionate embrace, but as soon as you are fastened upon us, your own root dies, and you steal within our bark to take away the food that belongs to us. As for my being a vulgar plant, I would have you know that I came from Egypt, a country renowned for science and wisdom. I am proud that I can boast of being useful to mankind in more ways than any other plant of my size. I furnish them with the nicest linen, and the coarsest tow cloth, besides excellent paper. I supply them with oil to cure diseases of the lungs, as well as for paint and varnish. The little birds owe much of their food to me, and my seeds are ground into cakes to fatten cattle. Even when reduced to dust, I am valuable to man,—for I enrich the earth from which I had my being. Weak as I now find myself by means of your ingratitude, know, haughty plant, that I would not willingly exchange situations with one who can boast of doing no good in the world. On the contrary, you get your living by deception; and whether dead or

alive, you are spoken of only as a wicked thing, that killed whatever you pretended to love. No wonder the great Linnæus named you the parasite, thou fawning murderer of thy friends. However, with my dying breath I forgive you; for if I had not too well loved to listen to your praises, I should have saved the nourishment of my root for my own leaves, instead of throwing it away upon a false, ungrateful flatterer." Thus spoke the flax, and died.

Moral. Whenever we find people very fond of complimenting our beauty, intelligence, or good qualities, let us think of the dodder, and beware of that friendship which needs the support of flattery. But enemies *within* are more dangerous than those *without*. Perhaps there are thoughts and passions in *our own breasts*, which, like the vine in the fable, are twining round our good feelings and good resolutions, only to destroy them. If you find envy, pride, anger, or vanity, growing there, pluck them up by the roots, before they have time to injure your character; for be assured, the dodder that fastens on the mind is the worst of all parasites.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

ANECDOTE OF A HORSE.

Every child who is old enough to read this book, will recollect how his heart has beat, when, after a long absence, he has seen the trees, shrubs, houses, and fences, in the neighbourhood of home. He must have noticed too, that his favourite horse seemed to be equally aware that the well-remembered barn and plentiful stock of hay were not far distant; for though his limbs might have been wearied with the journey, yet his motions, for the last few miles, would be fleet and cheerful. Both in horses and men, this is owing to the *association of ideas*. The tree near our father's house may not be as handsome as one we have seen among strangers; but it is dear to us, because when we look at it, we think of ten thousand enjoyments that have gone by. Perhaps we have won marbles from the biggest boys in the village, under that very tree;—or, seated beneath its refreshing shade, we may have enjoyed the delicious repast of whortle-berries and milk. Perhaps the children's seat has been removed there during a summer's afternoon, and we have read with delighted attention to our little brothers and sisters,—while one has said, "How I do wish Mrs. Barbauld would write another volume of "Evenings at Home,"—and another has ex-

claimed, "If ever I am big enough, I will go to England on purpose to see Miss Edgeworth; and if I am not suffered to go to her house, I will stand in the street till I see her go by."* Perhaps too, it was near this self-same tree that we first began to enjoy knowledge,—first felt the emotions of childish wonder when we learned that the earth was constantly moving round, and that people actually lived in the moon. When we look upon the tree, all these innocent enjoyments come before the memory so rapidly that we are hardly aware of thinking at all; and this is the reason that the tree is so dear to us. The understanding always retains what it pays attention to,—and it always attends to what it loves; therefore, all our delights must come through the affections. The reason why the horse remembers the objects near home, is because they remind him of what he loves so well,—viz. a night's rest, sweet hay, and cooling water. I have somewhere read an anecdote of a horse, which proves how much power the *association of ideas* has over that noble animal.

A colt, which, when very young, had been frightened at a military parade, was ever after restless, troublesome, and obstinate, when he heard the sound of a drum. His owner, resolved to overcome this bad habit, resorted to the following expedient. He kept him several days without

*This was the remark of an enthusiastic little Bostonian, after he had finished reading Miss Edgeworth's 'Frank."

food, and then led him to some fine, fresh oats, that were laid on the head of a drum. As soon as he began to eat, his master took up the drum-sticks and played a martial tune. The horse started, and ran furiously to the end of the enclosure. The man continued to play, and the horse for a long time, stood, looking wishfully at the oats, but afraid to venture near them. Finally, however, extreme hunger overcame fear, and he devoured his provender, without showing any other symptoms of alarm at the noise, than occasionally erecting his ears. After that, he was never known to start at the sound of a drum; for instead of recollecting the fright he had received when a colt, he only remembered that he had once eaten a hearty meal of oats from a drum-head,—and the sound, which he had once feared so much, became *associated* with ideas of comfort and pleasure.

ORIGIN OF NAMES, PHRASES, AND CUSTOMS.

Barber's Pole. It was an old superstition that Rome was once delivered from the plague by the god Esculapius, who it was supposed, came there in the form of a serpent, and hid himself among the reeds in an island of the Tiber. Ever after that, Esculapius was repre-

sented with a staff, round which a serpent was wreathed; and his other hand rested on the head of a serpent. They were particularly sacred to him, not only as ancient physicians used them in their prescriptions, but because they were considered as emblems of that prudence and foresight, which are so necessary in the profession of medicine. In former times, surgeons were likewise barbers; and when a man displayed a staff with a twisted snake at his door, it was a token that he cured diseases, as well as shaved beards. Barbers are no longer physicians, but the old sign of Esculapius is still continued.

Duelling. In ancient times, if a man thought himself injured by another, and carried his complaints into court, instead of having his wrongs investigated by a judge, or jury, he was called upon to meet his enemy with lance and spear; and it was supposed that he who was victorious, was declared innocent by the voice of Heaven. This ridiculous custom, by which justice was so often overcome by strength and skill, or eluded by accident, continued in France and England as late as the sixteenth century. We laugh at the idea of settling cases of conscience by the sword; but military wrongs are, to this day, decided by personal combat, under the name of duels.

Days of the week. The Sun, Moon, Tuisco, Woden, Thor, Friga and Seater were Saxon gods,—to each of whom one day in the week was consecrated. Sun's day, Moon's day, Tuis-

co's day, Woden's day, Thor's day, Friga's day, and Seater's day. Hence the names of Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

Massachusetts. The land in this state was mostly purchased of Massasoit, the chief of the Mount Haup Indians; and the name was probably taken from his, and gradually changed to Massachusetts.

Vermont. From two French words signifying Green Mountains.

Connecticut. The name of this state is probably derived from Cannonicus, an Indian sachem who owned lands on the Connecticut.

Pennsylvania. This word means the Woods or Forests of Penn.

Maryland. So called in honour of the English queen, Mary.

Carolina. So called in honour of the English queen, Caroline.

Georgia. So called in honour of George III, king of England.

Louisiana. It first belonged to the French, who named it in memory of their king, Louis.

Boston. Mr. Cotton, the first minister in Boston, New England, came from Boston in old England; and the town was named in memory of his native place.

Sterling, Massachusetts. So called in honour of the gallant Lord Sterling, who generously assisted the Americans in their revolutionary struggle.

Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and Pittsburgh,

Pennsylvania, commemorate the exertion of Mr. Pitt, Lord Chatham, who, as long as he had strength to speak, urged the English government not to oppress their American Colonies,—and told the king that if he lost them, he would lose "the brightest jewel in his crown."

Plymouth. Our forefathers gave this name to their first landing-place, because Plymouth was their last port when they left England.

Providence. So called by Roger Williams, the first settler in Rhode Island, in memory of the great mercies wherewith Providence blessed him in his exile.

Philadelphia. From two Greek words, meaning the Brotherhood of Love. It was founded by William Penn, the celebrated Quaker, who gave it that name to indicate the harmony and kindness of the Quaker Society.

Baltimore, takes its name from its founder, George Calvert, Lord Baltimore.

Steubenville, in Ohio. So called in honour of the famous Prussian, General Steuben, who came over to this country to assist the Americans in their struggle for independence.

Fayetteville, on Cape Fear river, North Carolina, and Fayetteville, Tennessee. Named in memory of the Marquis de La Fayette, who left France at the age of nineteen, and joined the American army during the revolution.

Lexington, in Kentucky. "When the news that the first American blood had been shed by the English, at Lexington, Massachusetts, reached a small body of hunters beyond the Allegha-

nies, they called the place of their encampment Lexington, in order to commemorate the important event."

Waynesboro' in Pennsylvania, and in Georgia, were so called in honour of the brave old General Wayne, so famous in Indian wars.

Franklin, in Tennessee, was named in memory of Doctor Benjamin Franklin, the famous American philosopher.

Greensburg, in Kentucky, Greenville, in Indiana, and Greensboro', in Georgia, received their names in memory of the young man who left the Quaker Society, and became a general in Washington's army.

Saybrook, in Connecticut. The united names of two of the first settlers in that state, Lord Say and Lord Brook.

Raleigh. In memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was sent out to the southern states of America, by Queen Elizabeth.

Monticello, on the Pearl river, in the state of Mississippi. The name is taken from the Hill of Monticello, the residence of the third President of the United States, Thomas Jefferson.

Columbus, on the Scioto, in the state of Ohio. Named in honour of the first discoverer of America, Christopher Columbus.

America. The name is taken from Americus Vespucius, a navigator who visited the continent after Columbus, and pretended to the discovery of the country.

Washington. The Americans have given this

name to the capital of the United States, in honour of their Commander-in-Chief during the Revolution, and their first President, General George Washington.

Jamestown, in Virginia. It was the first English settlement in the United States, and received its name in honour of James the First, who was then the reigning king of England.

Charlestown, on Charles river in Massachusetts. The town and river were so called in remembrance of Charles the First, who was the king of England at the time of its settlement.

Yankees. When the New England Indians first tried to speak the word *English* they called it *Yengees*. The white inhabitants of the northern states were soon known to the neighbouring tribes by this appellation; and to this day we are distinguished from our southern and western brethren by the title of Yankees.

Liberty Cap. "The Romans devoted a temple to the Goddess of Liberty, in the court of which the Prætor emancipated all slaves, who by money, important services, &c. had obtained the right of freedom; and as none but freemen were allowed to cover their heads in Rome, an important part of the ceremony consisted in giving a cap, such as was then worn, instead of our modern hats. The person who had been released from slavery used to parade about the forum for several days afterwards, displaying his headgear with all the pride of freedom. Hence, Liberty and the Cap became associated. Therefore, when medals were struck off in honour of

Brutus, and to commemorate the death of Cæsar, Liberty was represented with the freeman's cap on one side and two daggers on the other. Various medals were afterwards made, on which Liberty was sometimes shown with the cap in her hand, at others on her head, or by her side.

This emblem has since been adopted by almost all nations who supposed they were fighting against tyranny. With the Spaniards, at a very early period, with the Swiss, and with the Americans, it has successively been a popular badge of freedom. The French, during their Revolution, wished to established the Liberty Cap as a national emblem, but fearful of imitating the United States too closely, they gave their cap a different form. Unluckily, they chose the Phrygian cap, which belonged to a people who never knew freedom."

THE SAILOR AND HIS BABE.

Miss Hamilton, in her "Popular Essays," endeavours to prove that *attention* not only developes the understanding, but likewise unfolds the affections,—that is, in plain words, we understand that pursuit or employment best to which we give our most *undivided attention;* and that we likewise love those objects best on which we are obliged to bestow *much of our time and*

tenderness. In proof of this she tells the following story.

"A young man, who had received a good education from respectable parents, and bred to the business of a ship carpenter, married a young woman to whom he was so much attached, that he would accept of no employment, but on the terms of carrying his wife along with him on the voyage. On these conditions he was engaged on board a merchantman, I know not for how long a time; but at length it unfortunately happened that his wife died, leaving an infant but a few days old. This happened on the coast of Africa, from whence the vessel was to proceed to America, and he, of course, was obliged to continue with her until the voyage was completed. Under such circumstances, it seems surprising that the young infant did not share his mother's fate. There was no woman on board to fulfil the offices of nurse, neither was there a cow, nor a goat to furnish them with milk. But the tender care of the fond father proved sufficient; nor to him alone was the helpless innocent an object of anxiety. Every sailor on board the vessel participated in his solicitude. The child became an object of *attention*, and consequently an object of *affection* to them all. They contrived, by pounding the hard biscuit, and steeping it in weak grog, to make a sort of pap, which, if not very delicate, proved, by its effects, to be very nutritious; for the little creature grew, and throve, and prospered. Whatever could be done of the carpen-

ter's work by others, was cheerfully undertaken by his shipmates; and when we was unavoidably engaged on duty, his office of nurse was supplied with diligence and cheerfulness.

The little nursling thus fondled and cheerished by the honest tars, was, before the end of the voyage, so endeared to their hearts, that "albeit unused to the melting mood," there was not one among the crew, that did not mingle tears with the parting embrace. The father's description of his own feelings was truly affecting, and afforded a convincing proof at what an early period the *attention* he was compelled to bestow on his child, had produced the yearnings of parental *tenderness*. He had, however, his reward; for the child, who was, when I saw him, about four years of age, was uncommonly stout and promising.

TREES.

[Continued.]

Lucy. Since you told me so many interesting things about trees, I have felt more grieved than ever to think our fine old Elm is decaying so rapidly. I wish, among all their new discoveries, they could find some way to make old trees young again.

Aunt. The experiment has been tried very

successfully by Mr. Forsyth, of Kensington Gardens, England. You have probably heard it remarked that the age of a tree can be ascertained by the number of layers in the wood?

Lucy. I have. Uncle Charles showed me how to count them the other day.

Aunt. These layers are formed from the bark. The fact has been proved by introducing tinfoil between the bark and the wood; and at the end of the year it has been found, that a layer of wood was formed outside of the tin. Mr. Forsyth gradually pared away the old wood, and applied a sticky composition, which answered all the purposes of bark by keeping out the air and wet; and thus a succession of new and healthy layers were formed. "Under his management many timber trees, become entirely hollow, were filled with new wood, and made to produce fresh and vigorous branches; and Pear trees, planted in the time of King William, and become so decayed and knotty as to bear no fruit worth gathering, were restored to such health and strength as to cover the garden walls with a profusion of fine fruit."

Lucy. It is very wonderful how all the parts of a tree are brought forward with such regularity.

Aunt. It is indeed surprising; and still more so, to observe how Almighty wisdom provides for every thing according to its situation. A tree planted on the top of a wall, will grow as long as it can find sufficient moisture; but when this ceases, the branches stop growing, all the

strength goes to the root, which forces itself downward until it reaches the earth, and is thus enabled to supply the tree with nourishment. In cold countries trees drop their leaves very early, in order that the fruit may ripen. There is a Pear tree, common among our farmers, which requires a great deal of heat to bring it to maturity; accordingly, as soon as the Pears begin to form, the tree is so entirely stripped of its leaves, that one would think it had been devoured by caterpillars, or blasted by lightning. In tropical countries, on the contrary, we find trees furnished with an abundance of large, spreading leaves, to defend them from the scorching sun. The Orange is said to be the handsomest of all trees, when in full perfection. It displays at one time its fruit like golden apples, and its delicate white blossoms, sheltered by a profusion of green glossy leaves.

Lucy. Fruit and flowers must look extremely beautiful growing together. When you spoke of so many trees, did you think of the spices? I have heard that they were all procured from one tree.

Aunt. That is a mistake. Nutmeg and Mace, I believe, are the only two that grow from the same root. This tree, which abounds in the East Indies, is said to resemble a Pear tree. The fruit is enclosed in four covers. A thick, fleshy coat, something like that of the Walnut, contains the whole, and opens of itself when ripe. Under this lies a thin reddish substance, of a fragrant smell, and highly aromatic taste.

This is what we call Mace; and it is as valuable as the Nutmeg itself.

Lucy. Is not Allspice the round part of Cloves, broken off?

Aunt. They are the fruit of separate trees. The Pimento, or Allspice tree, is a species of myrtle, which grows in Jamaica, and is often called Jamaica pepper. It receives its name from being supposed to mingle the taste of many spices together. The berries are picked before they are ripe, and dried in the sun. Cloves, together with Nutmegs, are found in great abundance in the Moluccas, or Spice Islands, The Clove tree is about as high as the Laurel, and has no verdure upon it. The Cloves grow at the extremities of the branches. They contain great quantities of oil, and are dried in the sun, or the smoke of the bamboo cane. The Cinnamon which we use, is the highly aromatic bark of the Cinnamon tree, so common in the island of Ceylon.

Lucy. It seems to me that the countries between the tropics are famous for handsome, as well as useful trees.

Aunt. They are. The Banana, and Pine Apple, with its scaly pyramid of delicious fruit,—the Orange and Lemon, as beautiful to the eye as they are pleasant to the taste,—the Citron, which does not materially differ from the Lemon, except in the extreme thickness of its skin,—the Palm tree, which not only yields that excellent fruit called the Date, but likewise a pleasant beverage called Palm wine, and an

abundance of valuable oil for our soap manufacturers, (Linnæus calls these lofty trees the Princes of India. They are distinguished by their prodigious height, crowned at the top by an evergreen tuft of those large leaves we so often see in the form of fans.)—and lastly, the Cocoa, which afforded you so much amusement, are all peculiar to tropical countries. There are many other trees found in less burning regions than those I have mentioned, which will not ripen beneath our northern sky. Such as the Olive, the Pomegranate, and the Fig. The fruit of the Olive, which is about the size of a grape, is frequently made into preserves; but people who are unused to them think them acrid and bitter. This fruit, when pressed, affords us the valuable luxury called sweet oil. The Fig, which makes such an excellent preserve, is said to grow directly out of the branches, without being preceded by any blossom. The Pomegranate is a large tree with beautiful red blossoms, succeeded by a soft, pulpy fruit as large as an Orange.

Lucy. When you mentioned so many things produced by the Cocoa-nut tree, you forgot it supplied us with chocolate.

Aunt. Indeed I did not. That is furnished by the Cacoa, or Chocolate tree, a native of South America. Probably the similarity of the names is the reason why you mistook it for the Cocoa. The flower of the Chocolate tree is a bright saffron colour, and said to be very beautiful. The pods proceed directly from the body, or

larger branches. They are about the size of a cucumber, and each one contains twenty or thirty nuts, not unlike Almonds. These nuts are ground to a fine powder, mixed with sugar and some other ingredients, and made into brown cakes of chocolate. The Shells, which we drink, form the bark of the nuts.

Lucy. Is not Pepper the fruit of a tree?

Aunt. No. It is a shrub, with a small flexible root, common in Java, Sumatra, and other neighbouring islands. The pepper is found in small berries, which are procured from the flower buds. Twenty or thirty corns of pepper are found in a berry.

Lucy. What is the name of that famous poison tree, of which we have heard so much?

Aunt. The Bohan Upas. It is said to grow near Batavia. From the accounts we have received, the ground is barren for ten or twelve miles round. The beast that travels near it expires, and the bird that flies over it, drops down dead. Hence the sand is covered with whitened bones. It is said to perform a strange use, for a tree; for in reality, it is a *military magazine.* "The Emperor has his arrows dipped in the poisonous gum which exudes from it. Criminals, who are promised pardon and reward, are the only ones employed in the dreadful business. Hooded in leather cases, with glass eyelet holes, they undertake their melancholy journey,—always being careful to travel with the wind. About one in ten escapes, bringing away a little box of this dire commodity." The ex-

istence of this tree is doubted by many, and all these stories regarded as mere fictions. If there is such a plant, it is indeed singular that no other one has ever been discovered.

Lucy. What other trees can you think of that are either handsome or curious?

Aunt. One of the handsomest, which I have not mentioned, is the Fringe tree. It is a native of South Carolina and Virginia; and is generally found in moist places,—on the banks of rivers, &c. Some other species of it are said to belong to Ceylon, the Caribee Islands, and the forests of Guiana. The flowers are white, and the edges very long and drooping, whence it is called the Fringe tree. It is introduced into English gardens by means of engrafting it upon the Common Ash. The Banian, of Hindoostan, is a very singular tree. Its long branches droop downward until they touch the earth, when they immediately take root. This new tree puts forth branches in its turn, which likewise strike down into the ground. Thus arch after arch is formed—and a natural arbour, miles in extent, is provided to screen the inhabitants from a burning East Indian sun. This tree is considered sacred by the Hindoos. They build their pagodas, or churches, in the vicinity of its thickest shade—there they place the images of their gods, and there the Bramins, or priests, spend their peaceful and virtuous lives. The Banian is often called the Indian Fig. The Carica, Paypaya, or Papaw tree, is likewise a native of India, and useful to the people in a variety of

ways. The flowers are white and fragrant; and the fruit sometimes long and sometimes round. When round, they are boiled and used as turnips. When long, they are pickled like mangoes. The buds are gathered for sweetmeats,—the shell of the ripe fruit is boiled for dinner,—and the inside is eaten with sugar, like a melon. The stems are hollow;—hence they say of a deceitful man, "He is hollow as the Papaw tree."

The Bahobab, on the banks of the Niger, is a very wonderful production. Its trunk generally measures seventy or eighty feet round, which is nearly as large as a common dwelling-house. The branches, which are remarkably thick, shoot out in a straight line, to the length of twenty yards; and being bent to the ground by their own weight, they form a huge mass of foliage. The decayed trunks of this tree are hollowed out by the negroes, to serve as burying places for their poets and musicians. The bodies, being kept so perfectly dry, have the appearance of having been embalmed.

Lucy. I should think they would form a monument almost as noble as the Pyramids.

Aunt. Though not as lasting or as magnificent as those immense Egyptian tombs, they are among nature's grandest productions, and they owe nothing of they size, or beauty, to the toil and hardships of the human race.

Lucy. When you mentioned Coffee, Chocolate, and Shells, why did you not speak of Tea?

Aunt. I do not know whether it ought to be

classed among trees; though I believe that in the course of six or seven years it grows to about a man's height. Whole fields are planted with it in Japan and China; and it furnishes employment to a vast number of people. The process of gathering it is said to be extremely slow, and sometimes difficult; for every leaf is picked separately, and as it often grows on the brink of a precipice, it is almost impossible to reach the boughs. In this dilemma they often call in the assistance of the monkies. They pelt them with sticks, when they are seated on these trees, and the imitative animals send down branches of tea in return. The nuts which grow on the topmast branches of the Cocoa are obtained in the same way. The people who gather them throw stones at the monkies, and the little creatures, in a desperate fury, send down Cocoa nuts like hail. After the Tea is gathered, it undergoes a very laborious preparation. It is dried in brass and copper pans, over a very hot fire, and when taken out, every leaf is rolled up singly and again dried in pans, in order to keep it in curl. Green tea is said to differ from black only because the former is gathered before it is ripe. Another very singular tree is found in China, which is called the Tallow tree. "It produces a hard substance, resembling our tallow, which, when manufactured with oil, serves the natives for candles."

Lucy. Whenever I drink my tea, now, I shall think how much labour it costs the Chinese.

Aunt. You may think the same of many fe-

reign luxuries. Coffee goes through a process no less tedious; and our sugar is the occasion of excessive fatigue to the poor West-Indian slaves.

Lucy. Where are Mahogany and Ebony brought from?

Aunt. Mahogany is a native of South America and the West-India islands. When it grows on rocks it is of small size, but very hard and weighty, and beautifully shaded. In low places the tree is larger, but the wood is lighter, and of a paler colour. The flowers are saffron coloured, and the fruit about the size of a turkey's egg. Ebony is brought from various parts of the East Indies, but the greatest quantities come from Madagascar. It is the wood of a high, large tree, covered with black bark. Some say its leaves resemble the Palm; others think them similar to our Myrtle. This wood is generally black, sometimes red and green, but always hard, heavy, and capable of a high polish.

Lucy. What do you think the handsomest of our common, every-day trees?

Aunt. The Elm is certainly the most graceful; but the Oak is so majestic, that I am perfectly willing to allow him his old title, "king of the woods." The Romans reverenced it so much that they made it sacred to Jupiter. It was very venerable in the eyes of the ancient British Druids, or priests; and it is still the pride of the English forest. The greatest honours were paid to it after the restoration of Charles II.; for, during the troubles occasioned by Cromwell, that prince once took refuge in an oak, to save

himself from the pursuit of his enemies; and when the days of his prosperity returned, the halls of the great, and the cottages of the poor, were festooned with the leaves of the oak, and hats, caps, and dresses, adorned with its garlands. Its leaves have been much used for a very different purpose, viz. the tanning of leather. We well know with how much pride a British sailor looks upon the oak,— and no wonder, — for their largest and most valuable vessels, both for war and commerce, are made from its timber. But you must not ask another question about trees, for the clock points to your usual hour for retiring to rest.

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*Fabled Correspondence between Forefathers' Rock and the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.**

Plymouth, March, 1824.

Dear Tree,

It may seem very strange to you that a rock should write, especially when it has counted as many centuries as I have; but hearing a gentleman remark that you were yet alive, I could not forbear making a few inquiries concerning one whom I formerly heard so much spoken of. I am not a very expert arithmetician, but as nearly as I can calculate, you are about two hundred years old; if this is the case, you must be hastening to decay. You have one comfort in your old age, which I have not. You have lived

* In Duxbury, Massachusetts, is a tree well known by this name.

to rear children and grandchildren, while I, alas, must live on, while the world lasts, a solitary heap of stone, to which no other rock can ever boast of owing its origin. You may think, perhaps, that I am so much talked of, and so frequently visited, that I cannot be otherwise than happy. I am certainly proud of being called Forefathers' Rock; for I well remember the little band of courageous Christians, who presented the first white faces that ever met my sight. But, after all, I must tell you that, in the midst of fame, I am dissatisfied. In the first place, I have been split into two pieces, and my head removed to the market-place, amid all the dirt and noise of the town; and in the second place, I keep constantly hankering for days that will never return. It is true that I every year see a great bustle on the 22d of December; and many a famous man lays his hand upon me, that he may say he has touched the rock where Governor Carver and his sturdy companions first landed in New England. Three years since, I received the greatest honour that has ever been paid to me. A celebrated statesman, who is the pride of America, and the peculiar boast of New England, came hither to deliver an address about those very white men, who first set foot upon me. You cannot conceive what numbers he drew after him. For my part, what with my ignorance and my old-fashioned notions, I could not believe that America contained so many white men; and that most of them must have come from the big island over

the water; which, by the way, is a very dear country to me. Now that the fury of the Revolution is over, I will venture to tell you that I was a flaming Tory in those days; and I have sometimes suspected, that my attachment to old England was the reason of my being blown in pieces. Whatever was the cause of such a piece of cruelty, I have never felt contented with my lot since that transaction. I look back with regret to the time when the sparkling water flashed around me, and washed my feet in its homage; when the fish were sporting near me in every variety of graceful motion,—now floating on the surface, displaying their bright, glittering colours to the sun,—now rising in the air with sudden spring, and then diving back into the cold wave. Many a young Indian chief has drawn up his light canoe by my side, and gazed for hours at the full moon, in silent worship of the Great Spirit of the wilderness. Sometimes his squaw and papooses would come down to the shore to meet the newly arrived hunter. How often, during such interviews, have I had proofs that Indian hearts were kind! These, with all the delights of that period, have passed away. Strange voices are around me, and strange sights meet my eyes. I loved and respected the first English settlers, and I cannot deny, that I feel some tenderness towards those who have chosen to style themselves Independent Americans; but it is not the love I felt for the Indian, when he stood on my summit and darted his unerring arrow at the gliding fish or the solitary

sea-bird. The fact is, I am dragging on a weary, discontented existence, cheered only by the idea, that I shall always be honourable among mankind; for I know it will never be forgotten, that the first English feet which rested on me began the march of a proud and wealthy nation.

For a long time after I was removed, I was very anxious to see my sister rock, from whom I was forcibly separated by that terrible explosion of gunpowder; but I soon ceased to envy mankind their power of walking towards her, when I found that a long path of gravel had likewise excluded her from the society of our water friends. Such conduct towards us both must certainly have been in revenge for some offence that I unconsciously gave those people. However, they seem disposed to atone for it by heaping upon me as many honours as possible. As I have nothing farther to write to you, except a long train of discontented remarks, I will only trouble you by begging you to write soon, and give me some account of your adventures, as well as the origin of your name,—and then I will say, farewell.

Respectfully yours,

FOREFATHERS' ROCK.

Duxbury, June, 1824.

MUCH RESPECTED ROCK,

I received your letter duly, and though I was much pleased with the attention you showed me, I cannot refrain from saying, that some parts of it offended me highly. It is true, near-

ly forty-eight years have elapsed since the American Revolution; but I cannot, even now, hear the name of Tory without feeling the sap rush through all my vessels with indignation. What, in the name of goodness, could you find to like in those confounded English, who were taxing the very breath out of the bodies of their faithful American colonies? As for myself, I glory in having been a staunch Whig through the whole of that troublesome period; and if I had possessed the gift of speech, I should have said to the Americans, "Have your rights; 'peaceably if you can, forcibly if you must.'" However, the event has proved that they had tongues enough to speak, and hands enough to execute. You ask me the origin of my name.—I am sorry to tell you that I owe it, in part, to the assistance I was compelled to give the Tories In those days, which you remember as well as I do, there were no such things as mail-carriages and post-horses; and travellers used to deposit papers, for certain people, in a hollow place in my trunk Now, much against my will, these papers were nearly as often favourable to the *Tories* as to the Whigs, and hence the neighbouring inhabitants called me e Tree of the Knowledge of Good and *Evil*.* The name I received long before 1775, is still affixed to me; and even now, passing gentlemen frequently point to me as they say, "There stands the Tree of Knowledge." During the period of

* The tree actually took its name from the above circumstance.

my political service, I remember that I once shook, to my extreme leaf, with rage and vexation. Soon after the patriotic Bostonians emptied a whole cargo of tea into Boston harbour, a dirty little rascal, who had been sent up from Plymouth to Boston to buy stores, told an old woman in the vicinity, that he knew of a tory merchant who would let him have tea, and that he would buy her a pound, if she would give him a couple of coppers for his trouble. The tea was bought, and the impudent little knave, not choosing to go out of his way, packed it securely in my trunk. I declare I would willingly have died on the spot, if I could have hooked the urchin on my branches, and tossed him up high in the air. Luckily for Goody Tea-drinker, the whigs, who came for their papers, never discovered her package of tea. If they had, they would have given the fishes a supper upon it, or else have reduced it to ashes. In a few days the woman came for her tea, and before she had gone ten steps from me, I had the satisfaction to see her stumble, and spill half the contents of her paper. After looking round cautiously to see that no one was approaching, she gathered up what she could from the dirt, and went off muttering and scolding; and this proved to be the last tea that was ever left in my care. You are quite right in supposing me to be full two hundred years of age.* I have

* The tree tells large stories for the sake of increasing her importance. I do not believe she is an atom over *one* hundred.

listened to the war-whoop of the Indians, and heard their hunting songs, as well as you. Many a time have the little papooses danced round me, when I was scarcely higher than their own sleek, black heads, and many young Indians have stood by my trunk, and talked the language of love. I well remember the day when a stout, malicious Chief, who hated the English, stationed himself behind a neighbouring oak, in order to take aim at Miles Standish, as he was passing on his way to Boston. The arrow missed; and though Standish was a very short, insignificant little man, he was so exceedingly full of fury, that the bravest Indian of them all, dared not attack him openly. But all these things have gone by. The sound of the war-whoop is hushed in the desert; the red man has passed away like a summer's cloud; and plenty pours forth her fruits to the sons of the Englishmen. Since the times of political commotion, I am seldom visited, and but little spoken of. Still I must say I enjoy a pretty cheerful old age. My children are springing up around me, in every direction, and the young nation that I have loved so well, is daily becoming more rich and powerful. However, my sap moves but feebly this spring, and I doubt whether I shall be able to put forth leaves many more summers. I hear there is an Englishman who transforms old trees into new ones; and I have sometimes wished that he could try his skill upon me. But whenever I die, I shall have the consolation of having been a very useful tree, and of having enjoyed

a long and prosperous life. If you cannot say as much for yourself, I think it is entirely owing to your taking the wrong side of the question in the days of taxation. Farewell.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL.

AURORA BOREALIS.

" By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake,
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play,
With double lustre from the glossy waste,
E'en in the depth of polar night, they find
A wond'rous day ; enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs."

Robert. You say that the Northern Lights answer all the purposes of daylight in the polar regions; but the one that I saw, some winters since, was only a few pale streaks in the north.

Aunt. We scarcely see any thing that deserves the name, in our temperate climates, though very brilliant ones have sometimes been seen here. " In high northern latitudes, as those of Sweden, Lapland, and Siberia, the Auroræ Boreales are singularly resplendant, and even terrific. They frequently occupy the whole of the heavens ; and it is said they sometimes eclipse the splendour of the stars, planets, and moon, nay, even of the sun itself. In the north-eastern parts of Siberia, the Aurora is observed to begin with single bright pillars, rising in the north, and almost at the same time in the north-east, which, gradually increasing, comprehend

a large space of the heavens, rush about from place to place with incredible velocity, and finally almost cover the whole sky up to the zenith, and produce an appearance as if a vast tent was expanded in the heavens, glittering with gold, rubies, and sapphire. A more beautiful spectacle cannot be painted; but whoever should see such a northern light for the first time, could not behold it without terror. For, however fine the illumination may be, it is attended with a hissing, cracking, and rushing noise through the air, as if the largest fireworks were playing off. In order to describe what they hear, the inhabitants say, 'the raging host is passing.' The hunters, who pursue the white and blue foxes in the confines of the Icy Sea, are often overtaken in their course by these northern lights; and their dogs are so much frightened that they will not move, but lie down obstinately on the ground till the noise has passed."

Robert. I am glad we do not have such Northern Lights here. But why are they called Auroræ Boreales?

Aunt. The ancients, you know, who were ignorant of revealed religion, had some fabled deity to preside over every part of creation. Thus Pomona was the goddess of fruit; Flora, the goddess of flowers, &c. Ridiculous and absurd as these notions were, they were oftentimes extremely beautiful and poetic. Aurora was the fabled goddess of the morning; and the bright, rose-coloured clouds, which we see in

the east, before the rising of the sun, were fancifully called her garments, her sandals, &c. The light of which we are speaking, presents a similar appearance, and for that reason is called Aurora Borealis, or the Aurora of the North.

Robert. What occasions them?

Aunt. They are produced by electricity in the air. I cannot explain to you what electricity *is*, but you know it very well by its *effects*. You have seen the sparks fly from the chain of an electric machine, and you are familiar with lightning, fiery meteors, and Northern Lights. These are all produced by that terrible power, which seems to be floating about in every part of creation. People have supposed many different causes for electricity showing itself in the form of Auroræ Boreales, as well as for its being almost wholly confined to the coldest latitudes. The most probable seems to be this. It is found by observation, that the more hot and moist the air is, the better it conducts electricity.

Robert. What do you mean by a good conductor?

Aunt. Simply this. A sieve is a good conductor of water, because that liquid readily passes through it. In the same way, the hot, damp atmosphere round the tropics is constantly receiving electricity from the cold air above the earth. but being in a good conducting state, it will not hold it; so it passes off in the form of thunder and lightning, water-spouts, hurricanes, and tempests. As fast as this takes place, the cold air above sends down fresh supplies.

Robert. How do they know this?

Aunt. One proof of it is, that "while the French mathematicians were seated on the top of one of the Andes, they frequently found themselves surrounded by clouds, which, sinking down into the warmer air near the earth, appeared there to be highly electrified, and discharged themselves in thunder and lightning; while, in the mean time, on the top of the mountain, they enjoyed a calm and serene sky."

Robert. But if the thin, warm air lets it off so fast, where does enough come from to supply it?

Aunt. That is the very point. You may well suppose, the high regions above the tropics would exhaust themselves, if there was not a store laid up in another quarter. The air near the poles is so intensely cold and dry, that it holds electricity, and prevents its passing off, as it does between the tropics. Of course, there is a great supply of that fluid about those frozen countries; and as fast as the upper regions round the equator send down their own electricity to the air near the earth, the electricity from the cold polar skies rushes in to fill up the empty space. Hence that continual flashing and waving of light from the poles towards the equator.

Robert. But why is it not seen as plainly when it travels through warm countries, as through the cold?

Aunt. Because, as I have already told you, the clouds that hover over sultry climates, take up so much heat and moisture, that they are incapable of holding electricity, as a sieve is of

holding water. Therefore as fast as the electricity from the poles is emptied into these clouds, it is discharged in various forms, such as thunder, lightning, &c. But though the clouds near the polar countries are a little warmer than the atmosphere high above them, they are amply cold enough to prevent the darting, dazzling flame from descending through them. The coldness of the sky is the reason why these wonderful things are seen in the winter instead of summer, and by night rather than by day.

Robert. How very lucky it is that the Aurora Borealis is seen at those periods; for, since the people in the frigid zones have six months of darkness in the winter, I do not see what they could do without Northern Lights.

Aunt. It is a striking proof of the wisdom and goodness of Almighty God. Whatever causes we may find for the wonders of creation, we may always observe that they are made to operate for the convenience and comfort of mankind.

FLORA'S TIMEKEEPERS.—*A FABLE.*

When Flora fixed the laws of her empire, she gave each particular flower into the care of a servant, and bade him plant the seed in the soil best fitted to it, to protect it from worms, to supply it with dew, to colour the leaves of the corolla with nature's most beautiful tints, and to teach those leaves to close whenever the sun or

air was likely to injure them. For awhile her little messengers performed their tasks with great diligence; but some of them at last grew lazy and inattentive, and said to each other, "What is the use of making such a fuss, and spending so much time about these paltry flowers, which live but a few days at the best." Things went on in this way, until the young ladies met together, and complained to Flora of the negligence of her servants. One stated that her Narcissus was perishing for want of dew; another wept because the rose-bugs had devoured her beautiful Moss Rose; and a third was in a pet because the worms had snapped the root of her darling Snow-drop. The angry goddess called her servants together, and inquired into the cause of all this confusion. The criminals excused themselves by saying, that as they were obliged to watch flowers in every part of the world, they were very much hurried, and often belated, because they did not know what time it was. "Then it must be your own fault," replied the angry goddess; "for I have established time-keepers at various posts, to warn you of the lateness of the hour, and add swiftness to your lazy wings. When the Night-blooming Cereus is in full flower, you very well know that it is midnight, and therefore the time to keep a watchful eye on those ugly worms which crawl about in the dark to destroy my treasures. When you see a gentle motion in the blossom of the Morning Glory, your dew should be scattered in haste. After this business is ended, you

will notice the Goatsbeard, the Wild Childling, Sweet William, the Pond Lily, and the Blue-eyed Grass begin to expand their leaves, one after another. Then you must be busy in conveying warmth to the roots, and driving away the insects; but when you see them close in succession, you may know that noon is fast approaching, and you must fan them with your wings. Lastly, when the Evening Primrose unfolds her flowers, it is time to pour forth dew for the night. Do every thing at its proper time, and henceforth let me hear no complaints, on pain of my displeasure." The servants promised to obey; and, bowing submissively, left the palace of the Queen of Flowers. However, it is evident they are inattentive to her orders, for to this day many of Flora's greatest beauties are killed by worms, insects, wind, and dry weather.

Moral. I have heard young ladies and gentlemen complain that they had so much to do, that they had no time to play; and sometimes excuse a bad lesson, or unfinished work, by saying that they did not begin it as early as they were told, because they did not know how late it was. If such young people will set apart certain hours for all their employments, and finish their tasks at the appointed time, I will promise them an abundance of leisure, and will warrant that each hour shall bring forth an opening flower of improvement and happiness.

THE

MORNING ADVENTURES OF A STUPID SCHOOLBOY.

The day after young Ichabod arrived in Boston, his face was scrubbed till it shone like a varnished table, and his hair combed down as smooth as a quaker's, before he set out for school. His mother told him to stop at a bookseller's to buy a Spelling-book,—"And do you be sure," said she, "not to give but ninepence for it; and march quick, if you don't want a whipping, for the city masters are dreadful severe" Ichabod went along one or two streets, looking first on one side and then on the other, to see if there were books at the windows. First, he stubbed his foot against a post, and stopped to rub his toes before he could go on; then he thumped against a chimney-sweeper, who almost knocked him down; next he struck his head against a porter's basket, loaded with old iron, and he stopped full two minutes, rubbing his skull to gather up his wits. When he recovered a little, he found himself opposite a beautiful picture of a horse, with a handsome knight in the saddle. Ichabod had never seen such a sight in the country; and he stared and stared, till his eyes ached. Then he gazed round to see if there were any more such fine

signs. Just above his head he spied a huge one, and he must needs scamper across the street to see it. Three fine ladies, one with a striped robe all studded with stars, employed Ichabod's eyes some time longer. Then there were pictures of lions, tigers, elephants, and a hundred other wonderful things, to arrest the poor boy's attention. In short, school and spelling-book were entirely forgotten, until an elderly gentleman, who saw him walking straight into an open cellar, put his cane before him, and said, "Where are you going, my lad?" "To school, sir," replied Ichabod, turning back into the path. That word put him in mind of the whipping, and the cross city schoolmaster. He began to run with all his might, now and then casting a hurried glance at the stores, to see if there were books at the window. He thought for his life he never should get sight of a bookseller's. However, one at length appeared, and in he rushed, almost breathless, and asked, "Have you got a Spelling-book, sir?" "What kind do wish for?" said the man. "No matter,—no matter,—any one;" answered the frightened boy. "Here is one of Cummings',"' said the bookseller, as he handed down one from the pile. Ichabod threw down his money, and was hurrying away with all possible eagerness, when the man called out, "Stop. Here is not money enough to pay for it." "Ma' didn't give me but ninepence," replied the impatient boy. "Well, I have one torn in several places, which you may have," rejoined the man. Poor Ichabod stood

trembling and quaking, while the bookseller in vain searched and searched for the defaced volume. "Pray, sir, can't you tear another?" said Ichabod, half crying with fear and vexation. The man burst into a loud laugh, and handed him a whole book, as he said, "Take this; and if anybody asks you how you came by it, tell them you did not buy it with your wit, but with your stupidity." Ichabod, without understanding a word of the matter, footed it back as fast as he could; but instead of reaching the schoolhouse, near his father's, he soon found himself down on a wharf, among merchants, sailors, and vessels. The bewildered child thought he was surely at the very ends of the earth, and he sat down on a log and cried heartily. A good-natured sailor, having understood the dilemma he was in, readily consented to lead him back to the street where he said his father lived. In the afternoon, Ichabod, with his spelling-book under his arm, set off to school, under the guidance of his father. He reached there safely; but how the teacher succeeded in pounding knowledge into his thick skull, I have never ascertained.

GEMS, FOSSILS, &c.

Adder Stones. These are opaque rings of glass, found in Great Britain and some parts of Germany. They had a round hole in the centre, and a very thick rim; for which reason, some have considered them as a proof that the ancient inhabitants of Britain understood the art of making glass. These stones are generally green, often blue and yellow, and sometimes beautifully veined with red and white. Being about the size of an apple, they are often called the Serpent's Eggs. The origin of this name was in a vulgar opinion, that the snakes met in companies, and by continual hissing formed a bubble which hardened into a glass ring. They were much worn by the Druids, the ancient priests of Britain, and often given by them as an amulet, or charm against all evils and diseases. In such estimation were they held, that in cases of alarming sickness, people would send fifty or sixty miles for one of these glass physicians. Those who possessed one, usually had it set in gold and wore it round the neck as an ornament; and the lucky person who found one of those wonder-working stones, was supposed to be sure of conquering all his enemies, in battle as well as argument, and of being fortunate through life. When hung round the neck of an infant, or just touched upon the gums, they were thought to assist the child in cutting teeth. Our

grandmothers had a similar superstition, that coral necklaces were good for teething children, and that whoever wore a certain bone from a sheep, which they called the *lucky bone*, would find whatever they searched for, receive handsome presents, &c.

Agate is a fossil, though frequently ranked among precious stones. It is said to be formed of chalcedony, cornelian, jasper, amethyst, and opal, joined together in irregular layers. It has very little transparency, and as it partakes of the colours of all the substances that compose it, it is most singularly variegated.

Amber is a clear, bright yellow substance. It is generally found in the form of crystals; but in the north of Spain there is a kind of cannel coal, which, when broken, often discloses beautiful amber. When found in this fossil state, it is said to be uniformly accompanied with jet. Thales, the Grecian philosopher, first noticed that amber had an electric power, by its powerfully attracting straw and other light substances. The ancients called it *electrum*, from whence our word *electricity* is derived.

Amethyst is a beautiful purple gem. It is sometimes found in the heart of a roughly-crusted pebble, and sometimes in crystals.

Beryl is a gem of a fine bluish green colour.

Carbuncle is a species of ruby. It is so called because when held in the sun, it looks like glowing charcoal.

Chalcedony is a thick, clouded gem, and is often called white cornelian.

Crystal is hard, colourless, and very transparent. It is sometimes found in pebbles, but generally on rocks, in the form of a sugar loaf.

Cornelian is sometimes called sardar, or sardius. It is not very transparent. It is generally flesh-coloured, though sometimes blood-red, and not unfrequently beautifully veined with red and white.

Diamond is often called adamant. It is the most valuable of all the precious stones. The Great Mogul has one in his possession estimated at 2,328,832 dollars. It excels all other substances in hardness, and the power of refracting light. Its hardness is so great that it can be cut or scratched by nothing but itself, and it refracts light to such a degree, that when a stream of light is let in upon it in the dark, it looks like a ball of fire. It is nearly five times superior to glass in this quality, and it is that which occasions its wonderful brilliancy. This substance is highly electric as well as amber; and it is said that the celebated Mr. Boyle was one of the first persons who obtained a glimpse of electric light, which he did by rubbing a diamond in the dark. Sir Isaac Newton, having observed that highly refractive substances burned rapidly, formed the supposition that the diamond was combustible. He has since been proved a very shrewd guesser; for modern chemists have burned this hard and splendid gem, and by that means found it to consist of the same materials as common charcoal.

Emerald is of the finest green in all its differ-

ent shades. When found in pebbles, it is bright and transparent, but less glossy than when found in crystals.

Garnet is always found in pebbles. It is a deep, transparent red, but varies in shade down to flesh colour. It does not, like most gems, lose its colour in the fire.

Jacinth is a clear, pure gem. It is generally red, with a mixture of yellow; but it has all tinges from the colour of ruby to that of amber.

Jasper is found in pebbles. When wrought, it is of a beautiful green colour; sometimes spotted with white clouds. It is not transparent, unless very thin.

Jet is a hard, black substance, capable of receiving a very high polish. It is much used for mourning jewels.

Onyx is of four different kinds, all of them clouded with circular veins, or zones. The first is a bluish white, with broad white rings; the second pure, with snow white veins; the third is Jasponyx, which has green zones; and the fourth is brown, with bluish white circles.

Sardonyx might be considered a species of the Onyx, as well as the Jasponyx; for it is striped with zones in the same manner. It is sometimes marked with straight rows of red and white, and sometimes white with rings of a light cornelian colour.

Ruby is of a fine glowing red colour, and is remarkable for its hardness.

Sapphire is generally found in the form of crystals, though sometimes in pebbles. It varies

from the lightest sky-colour to the deepest indigo.

Topaz is always found in the form of oblong pebbles. The ancients called it the Chrysolite, on account of its fine gold colour. It is of all tinges, from the deepest orange to the palest yellow. It is so valuable that the Great Mogul has one valued at more than 70,000 dollars.

Turquoise is a small stone, generally of a very light blue colour,—and so opaque that it is scarcely more transparent than china.

Opal is generally esteemed the most valuable of all the flinty tribe; owing to its changeable hues when held in the light. It is found in pebbles, like the agate, to which it has some similarity. The olive-coloured opal takes the hue of a beautiful ruby, when held in the sun. The Iris opal seems glassy white, but the light gives it the colour of flame. Another, which appears of a cloudy white, sends out green, yellow, blue, and purple rays, when placed between the eye and the light. Another kind, found in Sweden, seems a deep brown, but the sun shows it full of red and violet veins. The oriental opal is called the flaming stone, because it changes colour as if sparks of fire escaped from it. This substance is often found in the island of Ceylon. The Asiatics value it as highly as the diamond.

Pearls are found in the shell of the oyster. They are obtained by divers, at the expense of great fatigue and danger. Some who dive for them, die under water for want of air to breathe, and many lose life or limb by the voracity of

the shark. They are supposed to be occasioned by a disease in the oyster; and some say that when the creature is hurt, a pearl forms to fill up the wound. Red pearls are found on the coast of Japan; and they are considered as valuable as the white.

Bezoar is a stone much used in medicine. It is found in the stomach of animals, and is likewise occasioned by disease; in the same way that stone, or gravel is sometimes secreted in the human body, by disorders. The oriental *bezoar* is less than a walnut, and of a shining dark green, or olive colour. The *occidental** bezoar is as large as a goose egg, but not as green as the other, nor as valuable in medicine. There is a kind of fossil, found in the sand and clay pits of Sicily, which is likewise called bezoar. It is a purple substance with a rough surface, and is sometimes called Sicilian earth.

Red Coral is found in the Mediterranean sea, and on the coast of Africa. It grows in caverns, in large, spreading branches. It is obtained by fastening nets to large rafts and letting them down into the sea. The coral is thus entangled with the netting and drawn up. Corallines grow under water, on rocks, shells, &c. They are various in kind, as well as colour. They are brown, red, geen, ash-coloured, and white; but

* Most of the substances mentioned in this piece, particularly precious stones, are either brought from Asia and its islands, or from South America. Those brought from the former are called oriental or eastern.—those from the latter, occidental or western.

they all fade when exposed to the sun. They were formerly considered as marine plants; but it is now supposed that the small holes, which we generally see in them are the cells of little insects, connected together, like a honey-comb, and disposed into a variety of elegant branches.

Porpites, or the Hair-button stone, is a kind of fossil coral. It is either gray, white, brown, or blue; and is usually found immersed in stone.

Asbestos is a native fossil stone, of a bluish grey colour. It is found in threads, or filaments, out of which is made cloth and paper that cannot be burned. Doctor Franklin had a purse made of Asbestos, which he used to cleanse, by throwing into the fire. When it was customary to burn the bodies of the great on a funeral pile, Pliny states that this stone was made into shrouds for the corpses of kings, in order to preserve the ashes of the body distinct from that of the wood on which they were burned. This singular substance, which is as flexible as thread, and yet resists fire so effectually, is found in France, Scotland, Egypt, Tartary, Cyprus, and Crete.

Lapis Lazuli is a clayey earth, generally blue, sometimes variegated with yellow, and white shining veins and speckles, often mistaken by the ignorant for gold and silver. The English use it to dye a beautiful blue colour, which they call ultramarine. It is found in Bohemia and Germany; but Asia and Africa yield a much superior quality.

Marble is of various kinds and colours. There is a black, white, yellow, yellow and white,—

yellow and black,—yellow, white, and red,—yellow and flesh-coloured,—crimson, white, and grey,—and yellow, green, and purple. Excellent white marble is found in Sweden; and black marble in Flanders. Various kinds are found in the United States of America; but the finest specimens come from Italy and France. There are valuable quarries in the north of Spain, and some has been discovered in the western islands of Scotland. This substance is supposed to be formed from different coloured shells, pebbles, &c.; and the black marble is thought to be tinged with iron ore.

Porphyry is not so fine as some marbles, but it excels them all in hardness. The porphyry of the ancients is a most elegant mass of extremely firm and compact structure, of a strong, fine purple, variegated with pale red and white, and capable of receiving a very high polish. It is still found in immense strata in Egypt. The red-lead coloured porphyry, veined with black, white, and green, is a most valuable substance. It is found in the island of Minorca in great abundance. It has all the hardness of oriental porphyry, and greatly excels it in brightness and beauty. There are three pillars of porphyry in Egypt, one near Cairo, and two at Alexandria. The English call them Cleopatra's needles. A huge tomb of porphyry, erected to the memory of the Emperor Constantine's daughter, is still entire. In the palace of the Thuilleries, in Paris, there are busts of Apollo and twelve emperors in porphyry.

The true Parian marble is usually of a most dazzling whiteness, with a slight mixture of delicate blue veins. It comes from the island of Paros. It is so much used in sculpture, that it is now called statuary marble. The Carrara marble is of a finer structure and clearer white than the Parian, but it is less bright and splendid, harder to cut, and incapable of receiving such a glittering polish.

Alabaster is of three different kinds. The snow-white, found in Taurus, the light-amber coloured, found in Greece, and sometimes in Germany, France, and Derbyshire in England; and the common alabaster, used by the ancients, which was a mixture of yellow and red. It is much softer than marble, remarkably pure and bright, almost transparent, and admits of a very high polish. It is much used for small statues, urns, vases, ornamental time-pieces, &c.

Fuller's Earth is a species of clay, of a greenish brown colour, and sometimes nearly black. When thrown into water it does not hiss, like lime, but it soon forms a soft, fine powder. It imbibes oil very rapidly, for which reason it is much used by fullers in the manufactory of cloth, as well as to take grease-spots from dresses. Large and valuable pits are found near Woburn, in England.

Perhaps some of my young readers are ready to ask, "But how came these sparkling precious stones, and this beautiful veined marble in the centre of the earth?" I can only answer, "It was placed there by the same All-wise Being

who gave you thought to ask the question." It is indeed surprising how such handsome substances are formed among dirt and stones. The causes which the Almighty makes use of to bring them into existence have not yet been entirely discovered by the ingenuity of man; nor is it likely they ever will be,—for the life of man is probably too short for nature to form a diamond. Some suppose that as the water trickles through flinty earth, hundreds and hundreds of years, it gradually crystalizes into precious stones. The sun, no doubt, has a powerful effect in changing earth into gems, as well as acorns into oaks. Indeed there is no part of nature which does not display the wonderful effects of *light* and *heat*. They are the principal means of forming a lofty ond spreading tree out of a small seed, in which no form of root or leaves can be seen. All the variety of colours that meet the eye, owe their origin to the seven-fold rays of light; and we have just mentioned that, without their assistance, coarse, colourless, and dirty substances could never become brilliant, transparent, and beautiful. Perhaps if we devoted all the *warmth* of our affections, and all the *light* of our understandings to the right purposes, we should find facts as common to us as the ground on which we tread, converted into truths as pure and glittering as the diamond, or as various in beauty as the colours of the opal. By this I mean that the most common truths will become doubly interesting, as well as useful, if we always remember that they are given to us

by that God who gave to creation "life and breath and all things." We should respect the learned man who can tell us the cause of many wonderful things in the world; but let us never forget that God is the cause of all causes. Sir Isaac Newton discovered the seven colours hidden in a beam of light for more than four thousand years; but his wisdom was given by that Being who made the sunbeam itself.

Extract from an Address to the Sun in Thomson's Seasons.

Nor to the surface of enlivened earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confined;
But to the bowel'd caverns darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent hence the veiny *Marble* shines.

* * * *

The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively *Diamond* drinks the purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the *Ruby* lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the *Sapphire*, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and of evening tint,
The purple streaming *Amethyst* is thine.
With thine own smile the yellow *Topaz* burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green *Emerald* shows. But all combin'd,

Thick through thy whitening *Opal* play the beams;
Or flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

THE LITTLE MASTER AND HIS LITTLE SLAVE.

Robert. It seems to me the people at the southward must be very cruel, or they would not keep slaves as they do.

Aunt. Your opinion is very unjust, my child. Every man who possesses any national pride must indeed regret that the indelible stain of slavery is fastened upon our country; and every one that has a single particle of human kindness could not but rejoice to see the Africans released from a state of servitude and oppression. But it is not right to conclude that our southern brethren have not as good feelings as ourselves, merely because they keep slaves. I am certain that no part of our country is more rich in overflowing kindness and genuine hospitality; and I must acknowledge that I regard slavery rather as their misfortune than their fault. Many of their best men would gladly be rid of it; and, some time or other, I have no doubt they will. Slaves were sent to those states when they were British colonies, and, with the true feelings of free-born Englishmen, they petitioned

government to have the evil removed; but the British ministry considered slaves as necessary in order to carry on the plantations, and unwilling to give up the prospect of wealth, for the sake of justice or kindness, they refused to grant the petition. Now it has become such a fixed habit that it cannot be changed suddenly. It is like some inveterate sickness which must be slowly and carefully cured. The negroes are very numerous, and they have been so unused to liberty, that they would become licentious and abandoned if left to themselves. Therefore, all that a good man can do, at present, is to make all the slaves in his power as comfortable as possible, to instruct their children, to give freedom to those who deserve it, to use all his personal influence to remove the evil, and to wait patiently till the curse of slavery can be entirely and safely removed from the land. I believe that kind masters and grateful slaves are very numerous at the South. I will read one instance of this from "The Winter in Washington." The little girl is telling a story of her father when he was a small boy, which it seems she heard from an old negro, called Daddy Steevy.

"I love Daddy Steevy," said Emily, "he is so good; and I love to sit on his knee, and hear him tell about grandpapa and grandmama, and all about the great house, and about dear papa—when he was born, and what grand doings there were when he was christened; how all the servants had new clothes, and all the slaves had such a frolic, and the bells in the old church were rung,—and all about it, mama."

"Indeed, mama," said Louisa, "I think you would like to hear him tell of old times too,—particularly about what a sweet, good boy, papa was, and how all the house servants, and field negroes, and the poor people loved him. When any one who had done wrong, was going to be whipped, he would go and beg and cry, till their old master would forgive them."

"And once," continued Emily, when her sister stopped,—"and once, mama, there was one very careless, mischievous boy, who was always galloping the horses so fast that he almost killed them, and he would climb over the garden wall and steal the fruit, and would leave open the gates, and let all the cattle get into the cornfields, and would set the dogs on the cows to see them run, just for play; and grandpapa said he must be sold, he was so bad; but papa cried, and begged grandpapa not to sell him; and so, mama, one day when he had done something very bad; the overseers had him tied up to whip him; and so, mama, his mother ran to the house and told papa, who was a little boy, only eight years old; and he ran as fast as he could, though his tutor called to him to come back: but he ran till he came to the place where Ned was tied up; and his back was all bare, and the overseer was standing over him with a great whip, and was whipping him; and so little Edward, that is papa, I mean, ran and jumped right upon Ned's back, and caught him round the neck, and the overseer, before he knew who it was, gave him a lash too. The other slaves

that were standing by, ran up, and daddy Steevy caught the overseer's arm, and cried, 'Stop; stop; don't you see it is master Edward?' 'Take him away, take him away then,' said the overseer, and he was in such a passion, mama, that he did not know what he was doing. 'Take him away,' said he, 'I tell you Ned shall have his thirty-nine lashes—why that child will ruin all the negroes on the plantation.' But little Edward, papa, I mean, would'nt let go his hold; and he clasped his arms so tight round Ned's back, that the overseer couldn't pull him away, and none of the people would so much as touch him—and then the overseer was so furious that he began whipping again; but struck Ned on the legs; and then Ned's mother, and daddy Steevy, ran to the house, calling as loud as they could, 'Master, master, come down to the quarters!' And master, I mean grandpapa, came,—and when he heard what was the matter, he walked very fast, and saw with his own eyes the overseer whipping away as hard as he could—and sometimes, though he didn't mean it, he struck little Edward. Then grandpapa ran and snatched the whip out of the overseer's hand, and threw it on the ground, and caught little Edward in his arms, and hugged and kissed him; and then papa jumped down, and ran and tried to untie Ned; but it was such a big rope he could'nt; and then he asked daddy Steevy, but he didn't dare to, but looked at his master. Then grandpapa turned to the overseer and said, 'Unloose that boy, sir.' But the over-

seer wouldn't. He looked sullen and proud, and said, 'No, sir, I cannot unloose him. I was only doing my duty.' Then grandpapa said, 'That's true—Stephen, untie the rope.' And then papa ran and helped him, and took a knife out of daddy Stephen's hand, and cut the rope in two. I have seen the very knife, mama; and daddy Steevy says, he never will part with it so long as he lives. Well, when all this was done, Ned turned round and kneeled down before grandpapa, without speaking a word; and old master, grandpapa I mean, stood considering, and every one was as still, as still could be. The old master said, at last—'Well, Edward, we must sell this boy, after all!' 'Oh, no, no, dear papa, don't sell him, dear papa!' 'What then shall I do with him, said grandpapa, for he is a very wicked, mischievous boy?' 'Give him to me, papa, and I will make him good," said little Edward. 'That will be a difficult matter, my child,' said old master—mama, I can't help saying *old master* and *little Edward*, because daddy Stephen tells me it so."

"No matter, my dear,—tell it like Stephen; it will do very well."

"Oh, I remember all he said; he was so particular, and would tell just how grandpapa looked; and sometimes, mama, he almost acts it and makes brother Edward do like papa, and makes Joe do like Ned."

"Indeed! and do the boys love to listen to the old man's stories?"

"Oh, yes; dearly, mama; but they like best

to hear about the war, and about the battles, and about General Washington, and "—

"But, Emily, finish this story first; I really wish to know what became of poor Ned. Your father never told any stories about himself; but I wonder you never told this before."

Emily hung down her head, coloured up to the eyes, and looked very conscious.

"Why, Emily, what ails you? I only inquired why you had not told me before."

Emily burst into tears, and said, "Indeed, mama, I was very naughty. I did what you forbade me. Dear mama, pray forgive me."

"My dear," said her mother, "you never, in your whole life, have told me an untruth; therefore, whatever you now tell me, I shall believe it, and, I am sure, forgive you too."

"Why then, mama, I did not tell you, because I used to go into the kitchen, and make daddy Steevy tell me all about old times, as he calls it. It was when you were out a visiting, mama, and while sister was in New-York. But I never went after sister came home, because she told me I must not do any thing contrary to your orders. When I told her about old times, and papa, she wanted to hear too, and she asked the housekeeper to let daddy Stephen come in to her room, and tell us stories about old times; and so, mama, Flora let him come; and of evenings, last winter, when you sent us all to play, because you liked to be alone at twilight, then we used to get daddy Stephen into the housekeeper's room, and there Louisa and the boys

used to sit and listen to him, till you rang the bell for tea."

"I will forgive you, Emily, for two reasons; because you were so young, and because the stories were about your father. But now you are a big girl, I am sure you will never go into the kitchen any more, and never talk with the servants, except old mammy nurse, old daddy Stephen, and our good old Flora. I scarcely deem them servants; they seem more like near relatives and tender friends. They were the faithful servants of your grand-parents, and nursed and attended on your father from the time of his birth to the present day, and, I am sure, love his children as fondly as if they were their own."

"Oh, mama, my heart feels lighter now, I am so glad I have told you."

"But now, Emily, for our story; I forget where you left off."

"Just where papa asked grandpapa to give him Ned, and said he would make him good, and grandpapa said that it would be a difficult matter. And then Ned, who had been kneeling on the ground, without saying a word, or looking up, then Ned cried, 'Oh, master, pray give me to young master Edward, and I will never be wicked again; indeed I will be a good boy.'"

"Old master shook his head, as much as to say, 'I fear not.' Then said Ned, 'Don't be afraid, master. I swear by my master in heaven, I will always be a faithful, and dutiful, and boun-

den slave to my young master. I will go between him and death, and will give my life to save his life, as he has done this day for me.'"

"Poor Ned's hands were held up; the big tears rolled down his cheeks, and little master, sweet soul, held his father's hand between his, and looked, oh, how pitiful he looked in his face. Old master couldn't stand this; he snatched little Edward up in his arms, and hugging him close, he said, 'Give me a hundred kisses, my darling, and you shall have him. He shall be your own for all his life.' Master Edward began giving his father the hundred kisses, while Ned jumped up, and danced, and capered, and clapped his hands as if he was out of his senses. So papa took him to the house with him, and would not let him live at the quarters any more, and grandmamma gave him a livery-suit, and let him wait on his young master, and ride with him. And before Ned went to bed he sent to ask little Edward to come out in the entry to him; and when he went, he handed him the rope he had been tied with, and said, 'Now, young master, this rope ties me to you, as fast as it tied me to the whipping-post.' So, mama, there is the end; for Ned has lived with papa ever since."

"But where is he now?"

"Why, mamma, don't you know he is Eddy?"

"What, is Eddy, your father's body servant, the Ned you have been telling me of?"

"Yes, mamma, the very same."

"Well, this is very strange; but one thing is

certain, he loves mischief still; and I recollect when I was once urging your father to send him to the plantation, he said he could never part with him; for, although heedless and inattentive, he was a most attached and faithful slave, and devoted to him from a principle of gratitude, ever since he once saved him from a severe whipping. Your story, my little darling, has served to beguile an anxious hour."

Robert. The little girl's papa and grandpapa seem to have been very good indeed; but, after all, I cannot bear the idea of keeping slaves.

Aunt. And I am very glad you cannot. It certainly is the greatest evil that we have to complain of in this happy country; and he who is the means of adding one to the number of slaves is guilty of an enormous crime, and so is the man who abuses the poor creatures already in his power. What I have said was only to prove to you that our Southern brethren have an abundance of kind and generous feeling; though the system of slavery no doubt makes many of them proud, indolent, and tyrannical. I have already told you, that it is dangerous to cure some kinds of sickness too suddenly. It is so with slavery. It has become such a fixed habit, that it is very difficult to do it away. Therefore, let us not condemn the Southerners as cruel, because they continue in this practice; but since there is so much to admire and love in their characters, let us hope that the time will soon come when they will scorn to receive any other services than such as freemen render to freemen for honourable hire.

Robert. I know what I would do if I had a little slave. I would teach him to read, and write, and cypher, and then I would send him to the island of Hayti, where he might be as free and happy as I am.

ASTRONOMICAL HINTS.

Robert. Aunt, I have often thought that Astronomy must be the most delightful study in the world. It must be so curious to look through telescopes, and see burning mountains in the moon, and Saturn's great belt, and Jupiter's four moons!

Aunt. It is indeed very beautiful and sublime; and besides the pleasantness of the study, it has been very serviceable to Agriculture, Navigation, and Commerce, and it is of immediate importance in the calculation of time.

Robert. I see how it is connected with time, because it takes just a year for the earth to go round the sun, and just a month for the moon to go round the earth, and just a day for the earth to turn round on its own axis, so that the sun may seem to rise in the east and set in the west, just the same, you know, Lucy, as if we were in a boat, and the land seemed to move away from us, but in reality we are moving away from the land. I see all that plain enough, but I do not know what astronomy can have to do with agriculture or commerce.

Aunt. It is the motion of the earth round the sun which occasions the change of seasons; because, you know when we, who live in the northern part of the globe, turn towards the sun, we have spring and summer, but when we turn away from the sun, the south pole takes our place, and while they have summer we have winter. Of course, the seasons, in every climate, must be known to the farmer in order to regulate his operations. Thus it is connected with Agriculture. The situation and distances of the stars enable the seaman to guide his ship through the immensity of ocean, and of course astronomy is of great importance to Commerce It is true, a man may be a very good farmer, or a very good sea-captain, without knowing one word about the principles of astronomy as laid down in books. Experience and observation will enable them to determine *when* the seasons will change, and *when* a star will return to a certain place in the heavens, though they are entirely ignorant of the reasons *why*. In ancient times the farmers paid great attention to the appearance and disappearance of certain stars. Thus the clusters of stars, called Arcturus, Orion, and the Pleiades, marked out the several seasons of the Greeks; and the rising of Sirius with the sun announced to the Egyptians the overflowing of the Nile, and consequently the time of sowing their grain. Now that we have divided time into years, months, weeks, days, and hours, the farmer needs not resort to any such method of making his calculations.

Lucy. There is one thing connected with Astronomy, which you have forgotten, I mean Chronology. I have somewhere read of a great event, known to have happened on a certain year, because an eclipse was mentioned, which could have taken place only at that time.

Aunt. True. Now we know that an eclipse is occasioned by very simple causes. Thus, when the moon comes between the sun and the earth, the sun is eclipsed, in the same way that you eclipse the light of a candle by holding your hand before it; but the ancients did not know these things, and when the sun or moon was darkened, they considered it a great miracle, and often mentioned it in their histories, as a sign of calamity and distress. By these means the dates of some great events have been accurately determined.

Robert. And of what use is Astronomy in the study of Geography?

Aunt. Why, my dear, I should think you would see immediately. It enables us to ascertain the distances of places by means of latitude and longitude; and by its help we can tell when it is summer in New Holland, and winter in Florida, when the sun rises at London, on any particular day, and when he sets at Petersburgh. By astronomy the seaman knows on what part of the globe he is, how far he has travelled, and what course he must pursue in order to reach any particular place at which he wishes to arrive. Hence nations the most remote have become acquainted with each other's customs,

manners, and situation. So far has the spirit of discovery extended, that there is hardly a nook, or corner in the whole world, of which we have not had very interesting accounts. Indeed, it seems as if one must go to the moon in order to see any people different from those who have been seen.

Lucy. And do you really believe that there are men and women in the moon? I have often heard so; but when I see her shining so brightly, I cannot realize that she is made to be trodden on like this earth.

Aunt. And yet it is even so, my dear. We know that it turns round on its axis, and of course has day and night; because, you know, if you hold a brass ball before a candle, the light will glitter only on one half of it; and as you slowly turn it round, each part in succession faces the light, and then goes into the shade. This is the same as night and day, occasioned by the earth, and the moon, and the stars, turning round in front of the sun. We know that the moon must have a change of seasons, because she goes round the sun; and there is now no room to doubt that mountains and volcanoes have been discovered there. Besides, rough, uneven, and dark, as this world appears, it actually seems like a moon to the people on that planet. We change our appearance to her, as she does to us, sometimes seeming like a new moon, sometimes a quarter, and sometimes full. There is no difference, only we are thirteen times larger.

Lucy. Goodness! What a moon we must be. How large and brilliant we must look.

Robert. I should think they might see to read or work without the help of Northern Lights, I am sure.

Aunt. It is only one half of the moon that enjoys this privilege. The people on the other side never see us at all.

Robert. Pray, how does that happen?

Aunt. It takes the moon a month to turn on her own axis, and a month to go round the earth, and as half is always in sunlight and half in shade, their days must be a fortnight long, and their nights a fortnight long. All the while she is turning on her own axis, she is likewise going round us; and by the time the darkened side has turned entirely round, the moon has gone on the other side of the earth, where, as no sun is shining upon us, she, of course, cannot see us. The moon, you know, is sometimes invisible to us, because she is so situated that the sun cannot shine upon her.

Lucy. It seems very hard for the people on the dark side of the moon; especially as their nights are a fortnight long.

Robert. And is it possible that, during that dreary fortnight, they do without a moon? What light do they have?

Aunt. We do not know of any; but unquestionably the all-good Creator has provided some means to cheer their long, gloomy nights, even as he has illuminated the dreary six months' night at the poles.

Lucy. It is likely they take frequent journeys to the favoured side of their globe, in order to see such a large and brilliant moon as this earth is to them.

Robert. But what can they do if they are separated by a big ocean, as we are from Europe? Do you suppose they have ships?

Aunt. Indeed, I cannot tell you, Robert If they have learned the art of making vessels, we shall probably never be the wiser for it. Perhaps they are acquainted with ship-building, as well as with telescopes and mathematical instruments. If so, perhaps there is a vessel full of astronomers sailing towards the visible side of the moon, in order to measure this earth, and ascertain whether there are mountains, volcanoes, and oceans, on its surface.

Robert. Who knows but that there are little children in the moon, asking their parents, at this moment, whether it is possible, that such a large and shining thing as this earth can be full of men and animals?

Lucy. Oh, Robert, don't you wish telescopes could be made, so that we could see the dear little boys and girls, and the birds, and the butterflies, in the moon?

Robert. Perhaps they are a great deal larger than we are. It may be their cows are as big as mammoths.

Aunt. The moon is so much smaller than the earth, that I should think the animals were no larger. Perhaps they are thirteen times smaller, and perhaps we should have to look through

a microscope to see animals that seem very large to them. Voltaire tells a curious fable, intended to give an idea of the proportion of things in the universe. Sirius, the dog-star, is much larger than Saturn, and Saturn is much larger than our earth. So he represents the Sirians as twenty-four miles tall, and the Saturnians as much as six miles. He states that an inhabitant of each of these stars jumped on to comets, and northern lights, and took a journey to this world. When they arrived, they could perceive our mountains, but their eyes had been used to such large objects, that they could not discover any living animals. At length, the traveller from Sirius spied a whale frolicking in the Baltic Sea, and, taking it up, he placed it on his thumb in order to examine it through his magnifying glass, taking care to stoop very low in order to show it to the short Saturnian, who was only six miles high. After a while, the Sirian spied a vessel sailing on the Baltic, and, supposing it to be some animal, he likewise placed that on his thumb. The sailors in the vessel thought they had been taken up in the air by some violent hurricane, and left on the top of a lofty rock; so they began to throw their casks of wine overboard, and to let themselves down from the sides of the vessel. Upon this, the man from Saturn called out, that what they had taken for an animal was actually full of little animals. After close attention, they found, to their surprise, that these mites were men and women. However, they were unwil-

ling to believe that such little creatures could have any souls, until they made a speaking trumpet out of the thumb nail of the Sirian, and found by their conversation that they were French philosophers, of prodigious intelligence and learning

Robert But it cannot be, Aunt, that Voltaire meant any such thing?

Aunt. No, my dear. It is all a fable, very ingeniously put together, to show us that other worlds may be as superior to us, as an elephant is to a musquito. Indeed, when we reflect on the infinite variety of animals in this world, from the invisible insect to the huge Rhinoceros, all perfect, all fitted for their situation, and all made to perform some use, it will not seem improbable that Almighty wisdom is exerted in other worlds on a more magnificent scale than in our own.

THE YOUNG BOOKSELLER.

Alfred had just returned from school, when he said to his sister, "Come, Caroline, let us have one game of Tetotum, and then I will get my Latin lesson before mother is ready to tell us one of her interesting stories."

Caroline readily complied; and so much amusement did she find, that she begged very earnestly for him to play again. "But I tell

you, my dear sister," he replied, "I have a lesson in Cicero to construe; and should you not feel very sorry, when mother is ready to tell us some pretty story, if I were obliged to be absent?" "Oh, yes; but you know, Alfred, you can yet your lessons so quick, so *very* quick," said the little teazer. "Well, answered her brother, let me get this quick, so *very* quick, and then, if there is time, we will have another game; but, you know, mother always tells us to do every thing at its proper season." Caroline sighed deeply as she sat down to her work, and said, "I know you are right, Alfred; but I do so love to play Tetotum."

Alfred was persevering and industrious, and when his task was performed, a half hour was still left for his favourite game.

Mrs. Adams looked at them with tearful eyes, as, with good natured eagerness, each strove to conquer the other. Her son was used to all the changes of her countenance, and when he folded up the sheet he anxiously asked, "What is the matter, dear mother?" "Do you know, my good child, that I have had a letter concerning you to day?" "I hope it contained nothing to trouble you," answered Alfred. "Nothing that ought to trouble me, my son. Mr. Clarke has written me word, that there is a vacancy in his store, which must be immediately filled. Your friends have spoken of your good character, and if I can consent to part with you, he has promised to treat you with all the kindness and solicitude of a parent. He is

a wealthy and respectable bookseller, and a man of great worth; therefore, since I cannot afford to send you to college, I think I shall not find a more desirable situation."

"How soon shall I go?" asked Alfred.

"Next week is mentioned," replied his mother.

Alfred rested his head on his hand, looked at Caroline, and his lip quivered. The poor little girl struggled in vain to conceal her feelings. She covered her face with both her hands, and burst into tears. Mrs. Adams was much affected. "I am glad to see you love each other thus," said she; "but you have always known, that you must be separated before Alfred was many years older; and I had hoped that Caroline would not be so selfish as to prefer her own enjoyment to her brother's welfare."

"She does not, I know she does not," answered Alfred; "but it is sooner than I expected to go, dear mother."

"It is sooner than I either expected or intended," replied she; "but the offer is so good, that I think best to accept it. The parting will, no doubt, be hard for us all; but you must recollect, Alfred, that since your father's death, you are almost my whole dependence in this world. You have only one thing to remember, in order to guide your conduct aright. Always shun what you fear is wrong, let it seem as pleasant as it will; and always do what your own heart tells you is right. Young as you are, I suspect you never did a bad action without

hearing the whisper of conscience, telling you that you were not walking in the right path?"

"I never did," said Alfred; "but such thoughts always seem to come afterwards."

"If you would be calm enough to listen, my child, you would hear the voice of conscience when you are *about* to do a wrong action, as well as *after* it is done. The fact is, your inclination is so noisy and clamorous, that the still, small voice of truth cannot be heard. Let a sense of duty always govern you, and you will find no difficulty in knowing what is your duty."

"I am sure I shall not know how to act in that great store and that busy city," rejoined Alfred; "especially as I shall have no one to advise me."

"Let your own heart advise you, my son. No matter what the world says is right; do what you know to be right, and your heavenly Father will teach you every step in the path of rectitude. I shall often write to you, and I shall expect, in return, a faithful account of all your temptations and all your faults."

Alfred promised. He kissed Caroline with more than usual affection when he bade her good night; but nothing more was said concerning his departure, for several days. His sister took uncommon care to have the hearth neatly brushed, and the fire sparkling, whenever he came home from school, and sometimes the tears stole down her cheek when she thought of any unkind word she had ever spoken to him; but she said nothing. At length the day arrived;

and loaded with good advice, with tears, and with blessings, Alfred took his leave of home. He knew that his mother was poor, and placed her chief dependence upon him,—and he felt that it was unmanly to shed a tear; but he kissed her again and again, —pressed Caroline to his heart, as if he could not leave her,—turned his head away,—pressed his lips hard together,—and jumped into the stage.

Poor Caroline rushed up stairs,—threw herself on the bed, and wept bitterly. She had never lived a week without Alfred before, and it seemed as if sixty miles separated him from her forever. For several days, she could not see her favourite dog without the tears starting to her eyes. "Poor Fido," she would say, "our dear, dear Alfred has gone a great way from you." She did not love to read,—for Alfred was not near to explain the meaning of a word, or listen to a pretty story; and she no longer loved to make grottoes of icicles, or build castles in the snow. However, when the spring opened, her attention was gradually taken up by new objects. She planted a Sweet Pea, thinking that Alfred would come home in season to see its pure and beautiful blossoms. A root of Mignonnette and a Rose Geranium were placed in two pretty vases, and carefully reserved for Alfred to carry to Boston. "He will love their sweet breath," said she to her mother, "and when he looks at them he will think of us."

As for Alfred, he scarcely had time to think of home all the livelong day. One was calling

on him to fetch wrapping-paper; another wanted twine; and a third wished him to run to a neighbouring bookseller's for some new publication. One night, after the store was closed, he went into a toy-shop, to buy a neat little basket for Caroline; and when he noticed the wooden horses and birds, he thought he could make such ones himself. He ran home, full of eagerness at the thought, and directly set about carving a little horse with a prim Cossack on his back. In a fortnight he had finished a dozen, which he thought handsomer than those he had seen in the toy-shop; and when he carried them there, the woman offered him ten cents apiece, and promised to take all he would make. He continued very industrious, and when Mr. Clarke gave him leave to visit his mother, he had ten dollars to carry home as a present. All was delight during his short stay. Caroline was as cheerful as a bird; her Sweet Pea was in full bloom; the Mignonnette and Rose Geranium were flourishing; and, above all, the ten dollars were proudly delivered to his mother, as he said, "I wish you to keep all I can earn, dear mother; and then, when Caroline is a young lady, perhaps you can afford to have her take lessons of the best masters." "I wish I could do as much for you, my good brother, rejoined Caroline. Do you know I have raised these pretty flowers on purpose for you? And I will net you one of my handsomest purses."

His mother praised him for his diligence and kindness, and Alfred returned, as happy as hap-

py could be,—conscious that by his honest industry, he was now making himself very useful to his mother and sister.

A short time after his visit, he found two ten dollar bills among a heap of waste paper, which he was collecting. His bright, black eyes sparkled with joy. "Oh, how glad I shall be to give these to my mother," said he. "But then they are not mine, and I ought not to keep them," thought he, after a moment's pause. He looked at the paper which was wrapt around them, and found it dated two or three months back. "They must have been here a long time," said he; "and Mr. Clarke will never know it if I do keep them." He looked at them a little longer, and his mother's advice came to his mind. "She told me always to do what I knew was right; and I will," said he. He had scarcely folded up the money before Mr. Clarke entered. "Here is some money I found among the waste-paper, sir," said Alfred, stepping up to him. Mr. Clarke opened the paper, and he shook Alfred warmly by the hand, as he said, "I thought I lost it in State Street some months ago. You shall lose nothing by this, my lad. You shall lose nothing by this."

The next week Mr. Clarke went a journey, and when he returned he called Alfred to him, and said, "I have been to see your mother, my boy; and I have promised to supply her with maps to colour, and your sister with picture books to paint, as long as they want them. I am going to hire a house for them in town at

my own risk, and you shall board with them, and Caroline shall go to the best school there is in the city. The woman who keeps the toy-shop told me how much money you earned, and your mother informed me what you did with it. You shall have one day in the week beside to earn what you can to pay for your sister's schooling. I think it is good for boys to exert themselves. You have proved an honest, industrious lad, and a dutiful, affectionate child; and if you continue what you now are, I shall provide for you as if you were my own son."

Mr. Clarke kept his word. A neat house was procured for Mrs. Adams. The Mignonnette and the Rose Geranium were placed in Alfred's chamber window, a beautiful Honeysuckle twined round the door, and the paved court was lined with roses. In a few years Mr. Clarke died, leaving all his business to young Mr. Adams, together with a legacy of fifteen thousand dollars. Alfred now owns the house which his mother occupies. His sister, who is an elegant and accomplished young lady, does every thing that good taste and affection can do, to make the lovely spot more pleasant to her excellent mother and her beloved Alfred; and they are as happy together as they were when they chased butterflies, and skipped stones in the smooth stream of their native village.

ANECDOTE OF A PARROT.

Little girls and boys have no reason to be proud of being good mimics,—for parrots and monkeys are the best mimics in the world.

A citizen of Rome once took great pains in teaching a parrot to say, "Hail, Cæsar!" When he had gained the art to perfection, he carried him to the Forum, and as the emperor passed, he gave him a signal to speak, upon which the parrot called out, in a clear, loud tone, "Hail, Cæsar!" The emperor was so much gratified by this unusual homage, that he gave the Roman a very large sum of money for the bird. The man finding it profitable business, purchased another, and tried to teach him the same words; but the second one proved so stupid, that he often grew angry, and exclaimed, "The furies take it—I have lost all my labour." At length, however, he succeeded in compelling the parrot to cry, "Hail, Cæsar!" But the flattery of birds was no longer new to Cæsar; and he said to the man, "Carry him away. I have flatterers enough at home." Upon this the parrot pettishly exclaimed, "The furies take it—I have lost all my labour." The retort was so appropriate, that the emperor doubled the price he had given for the first bird.

HERALDRY.

Lucy. I heard you talking about heraldry the other day, and I heard you say that Uncle Charles took great pains to discover his coat of arms, and that he was delighted with the idea that we descended from some ancient Caledonian minstrel. Pray, what was the origin of heraldry, and of what use is it?

Aunt. It is of little or no use, in this country, except as a matter of idle curiosity, or personal vanity. There are very few families can trace their ancestry any farther back than the landing at Plymouth, even if they were desirous of doing it. As for its origin, I believe it never has been accurately ascertained. Some say it made its first appearance in the world at the tournaments, in the days of chivalry. You know what a tournament was, I suppose?

Lucy. I have an idea of great bustle and fighting; but I do not know exactly what they were.

Aunt. It was a public amusement, six, or seven hundred years since. Knights used to come in upon a public arena, or stage, clad in full steel armour, from head to foot, bearing a lance in one hand, and an immense shield in the other. A herald rode before them and repeated the coat of arms that each knight carried upon his shield. Then a trumpet was sounded, and a battle commenced for the amusement of the spectators.

Lucy. They were something like the public combatants at Rome, called gladiators,—were they not?

Aunt. The gladiators were paid for fighting, but the knights of chivalry came forward only to display their strength, skill, and splendour.

Lucy. Why were not their names proclaimed, instead of their arms?

Aunt. None but knights of high rank were allowed to carry arms upon their shields; and when a gentleman came before the public, in those days, it was considered a matter of great consequence for him to fight with his equal—for the purpose of ascertaining this, their arms were publicly announced. Many suppose that heraldry originated at the time of the famous crusades against the infidels—when Christians of all languages and nations, went to Palestine to recover the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of their enemies. These old chieftains were complete armour, which covered the whole body, except the face, and even that was generally hid beneath a vizor. Uniformly clad in glittering steel, men looked so much alike, that their followers could not have distinguished them without some appropriate and peculiar badge. A man who did not know, or could not see the face of his leader, would readily discover him in battle by the figures on his shield. It is probable that heraldry, like every thing else, has been a long time coming to perfection. Painted shields and military emblems of some kind or other, must have been nearly as old as war

itself. Jews, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and barbarians, all made use of some token, by which their warriors could be distinguished from each other, in battle. Even our North American Indians made use of a rude emblem for every tribe. The Algonquins were represented by a frog holding a hatchet,—the Pentugsets by a wild deer,—and so on. As refinement increased, these badges were given as honorary marks of distinction, to reward some act of uncommon bravery, virtue, or devotion; and thus important occurrences in family history have been frequently perpetuated by armorial bearings. After Columbus had returned to Spain, from the discovery of the New World, Ferdinand and Isabella gave him leave to assume the arms of Castile and Leon, with five islands beneath, with the motto, "A Castilia y a Leon, mundo nuevo dio Colon;"—which, I suppose, signifies, "Columbus has given a new world to Castile and Leon." Joan of Arc, the famous Maid of Orleans, thought herself commissioned by Heaven to expel the English from the dominions of Charles the Seventh; and that king, happening to prove victorious according to her prediction, added the royal arms of France, viz. the Fleur de Lys, to a sword surmounted with a crown, and conferred nobility on her relations, under the name of Du Lys.

Sir James Douglas, with all the superstitious piety of his time, enclosed the heart of King Robert the Bruce in an urn, and set out on a pilgrimage to Palestine, that he might bury the

beloved relic in the same land where Jesus Christ was buried. He died before he reached there; and the arms of that ancient family have ever since shown a bleeding heart. Besides all the causes I have mentioned, there were a great many armorial emblems that took their rise from the spirit of faction. Thus in France, during the long dispute between the Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans, those who favoured the cause of Orleans were distinguished by a silver bend, and the friends of Burgundy carried the cross of St. Andrew.

Lucy. But it seems to me, from what you have told me, that none but great men would have coats of arms; but I have often seen them among our poorest people.

Aunt. Many that you see in this country are no doubt mere deceptions, made up by the herald to please his customers. Some of them originated in the names of people. Three large apples mark the family of Appleton. Three swans belong to a family of the same name; and three sheep to the name of Shepherd. However in old times there were other reasons for their being found in families that had no ancestry to boast of. The barons had an immense train of vassals and retainers, who were obliged to follow their master in peace or war, and submit their lives and property to his disposal. This was called the feudal system; and, under such a system, you can well imagine that the servants would become very much attached to the families that they, and their fathers, and their

grandfathers had served. Proud of all their conquests, they gladly assumed the badges of their masters to show to whose service they belonged. What was at first adopted in token of dependence, is still in many instances, preserved by grateful attachment. In Cheshire, sheaves of wheat are very common,—said to be the bearings of the ancient Earls of Chester. The family arms of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, were chequered,—and a large number of people in Renfrewshire still bear their figures chequered in memory of the unfortunate house of Stuart.

Lucy. Do not different countries have different emblems?

Aunt. Certainly. Heraldry distinguishes nations and states as well as individual families. Rome has her Dove, England her Lion, France her Fleur de Lys, and America her Eagle. And were an army to be drawn from every part of the United States, the battalions from each particular state might be known by the arms blazoned on its standard.

Lucy. Do you know the emblems of all our states?

Aunt. Of ten of the new states I am entirely ignorant. The arms of Maine I recollect perfectly; and I was once familiar with the armorial bearings of the thirteen original states. The standard of America is, I think, the most beautiful in the world. It displays a majestic Eagle surrounded with brilliant stripes and stars corresponding to the number of states in the un-

ion,—with the motto, "E pluribus unum"—signifying "We are one—we are united." The arms of Maine are too crowded to be very handsome. Commerce with his Anchor, and Agriculture with his Plough, are represented on either side of a tall Pine tree. A Moose is seen in the distance; and at the top is a blazing star, encircled by "Dirigo"—which means, "I guide, I direct."

Lucy. It seems to me that is rather a haughty motto.

Aunt. As Maine is the most northern state in the union, the crest is probably intended to represent the north star, which, you know, guides and directs the mariner.

Lucy. The other new states you say you do do not know. Can you remember the thirteen old ones?

Aunt. Massachusetts is represented by an Indian with Bow and Arrow. The crest is an Arm supporting an uplifted Sword. The motto, "Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem,"—meaning, "By the sword he obtains liberty and quiet."

Connecticut is simply three Vines, with the motto, "Qui transtulit sustinet,"—meaning, "He who has removed us hither will protect us."

Rhode Island is simply an Anchor. The motto "Hope."

New Hampshire is a vessel without sails or rigging. It has no motto, I believe.

Lucy. I should not think many vessels sailed from New Hampshire. Why did they distinguish themselves by one?

Aunt. I believe they have been noted for ship-building; and their emblem is probably intended for a vessel newly launched. New York, if I recollect right, represents Justice with her Sword, and Liberty with the Cap and Pole in one hand, and the Olive-branch in the other. The whole surmounted by an eagle. No motto.

The arms of Pennsylvania are supported on each side by Horses. A House and Plough are represented. The crest, a Dove, or an Eagle, with an Olive-branch. The motto is, "Virtue, Liberty, and Independence."

New Jersey is distinguished by Liberty with Cap and Pole, and Plenty leaning on Fruit. Crest, a Horse's head—motto, "Liberty and Prosperity."

Delaware is represented by a Cow and a Sheaf of Wheat. The crest, a Vessel in full sail.

Maryland displays Justice with her Scales and Olive-branch, surrounded by the Drum, the Liberty Cap, the Plough, and the Civic Wreath. The motto is, "Industry the means of Plenty."

Virginia represents a Man with a Spear and uplifted Sword, trampling on the breast of a prostrate Indian. No motto.

North Carolina is known by the figure of Plenty leaning on her Cornucopia, loaded with fruit, reading the word "Constitution," which Liberty is pointing out to her.

South Carolina represents Justice with his Sword, Liberty with Cap and Pole, Peace with

her Olive-branch, and Fame blowing her Trumpet.

Georgia has an Arch, on which is inscribed "Constitution," supported by three pillars, on which are written "Wisdom," "Justice," and "Moderation." A figure with a raised Sword stands in the centre, and buildings are seen in the distance.

Lucy I do wish you knew the ten other states.

Aunt. Well, my dear, perhaps I may be able to tell you some other evening. In the mean time, whatever you learn, I trust you will always feel anxious to know something more.

THE YOUNG HERO.

Lucy. I suppose you will laugh at me, Aunt; but I do want to hear something that is not American—something about kings and nobles. What makes you smile, Robert? I don't wish there were any in this country; but I think a story about Lord Somebody sounds better than plain Mr. Somebody; and a portrait looks nobler ornamented with a scarf and embroidered star, than William Penn with his straight coat and broad hat.

Aunt. Suppose that I should tell you a story of a French nobleman? How should you like it, Robert?

Robert. Why, I had rather hear about Wash-

ington, and Marion, and the Quaker General Greene, than about all the Dukes in the world. Oh! I forgot—there is *one* French nobleman that I should love dearly to hear about.

Aunt. Well then—this *one* French nobleman was presented at Court when only sixteen years old; but it is said that even at that inexperienced age, no rank or wealth could tempt him to give up pure and firm principles for the sake of pleasing great men. He married the daughter of the Duke de Noailles, and was surrounded by all the enjoyments of wealth, beauty, love, rank, and fashion, when he heard that the Colonies in America were struggling against the oppression of England. He at once resolved to tear himself from the endearments of home, and to make the cause of our suffering country his own. "In 1776, he applied to our commissioners in Paris for a passage in the first ship they should despatch to America; but so low and abject was then our dear native land, that they were obliged to tell him they possessed not the means nor the credit sufficient for providing a single vessel in all the ports of France. 'Then I will provide my own,' exclaimed the youthful hero; and it is a literal fact that when all America was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to her shores, he left, at the age of nineteen, the bosom of home, of happiness, of wealth, of rank, to plunge in the dust and blood of our inauspicious struggle." Wherever he went he fought bravely, and our encouraged troops blest him from their inmost souls. To every officer be-

neath him, he presented a handsome sword, and hundreds and hundreds of our poor soldiers, he fed and clothed with his own money. He went to France, in order to bring men and money to our assistance; and he obtained them. By his generous aid we conquered. Washington conferred upon him the rank of Major General, and the American states presented him with a sword, by the hands of Franklin, as a slight token of their gratitude. After seeing our young nation in possession of its hard-earned freedom, he returned to his family, "the leader of armies, the counsellor of statesmen, and the friend of philosophers, at the premature age of twenty-two." "The court and the people alike came forward to welcome the gay, gallant young hero, who had reflected such credit on his country." For awhile the name of La Fayette was on every tongue; but the dreadful days of the French revolution soon commenced. The ignorant populace thought that liberty to commit all kinds of cruelty and licentiousness was freedom. Bad men worked upon their passions, and thousands and thousands they murdered, who were guilty of no crime. The Marquis earnestly wished to see his countrymen free, but he told them fearlessly that such a course was not consistent with the love of true liberty. He tried to save Louis XVI and his lovely queen from death; but they dared not trust to his generous advice, because they knew he was an enemy to the tyranny of kings, and a friend to the equal rights of mankind. On the other hand the people began to

hate him, because he would not countenance them in all their madness and riot. To avoid their vengeance, he escaped from his native land to take refuge in England. However, he was taken prisoner by a corps of Austrian troops, and delivered over to his enemies. "He was sent, successively to the fortresses of Luxembourg, Wezel, Magdebourg, and Olmutz, where his patriotism was punished by the severest privations and hardships." "When he was worn out by persecution and suffering, and almost dyin the dungeons of Wezel, Frederick William offered him his liberty of he would furnish a plan against France; ungrateful France! In whose cause he then suffered." He rejected the proposal with disdain. Not even the love of life could tempt him to do a wrong action.

While he was confined at the castle of Olmutz, young Mr. Huger of South Carolina, who had seen Fayette in his boyhood, undertook to effect his freedom. United with a young European from Hanover, he staid several weeks at Olmutz, and passed for a traveller who was anxious to see every thing worthy of observation. When they visited the castle, they inquired carelessly what prisoners it contained; and when Fayette was mentioned, they asked several questions about him, and finally observed, that, as he was such a celebrated man, they should like to lend him some books, to cheer his solitude. The jailor said he had no objections, provided they were left open to his inspection. The books were sent, with a note, simply expressing their

wish to oblige him, and their hope that what the volumes contained would please him. Words were here and there marked with a pencil, which, when put together, made their names and project known to the Marquis. A note was accordingly returned, saying, that he was exceedingly pleased with the books. Soon after, others were sent, with a note containing a few civil words written with ink, while on the other side of the billet the whole plan of escape was written in lemon-juice, which, when held to the fire, became visible.

Every thing went on prosperously. Fayette, as usual, rode out with an officer and guard,—the signal was given,—the officer was seized by the young men, and a swift, high-mettled horse was ready for the prisoner. Unluckily, the animal was frightened by the swords flashing in the sun, and disappeared like lightning. Young Huger was not to be easily discouraged. He dismounted from his own horse and urged Fayette to seek safety and leave him to his fate. By this unfortunate accident he became separated from his deliverers, and ignorant of his intended route, he mistook the road and came directly back among his pursuers. Huger and Bollman were imprisoned for years after, and La Fayette was ten times more rigorously treated than before.

Robert. It is silly to be angry with a brute beast, but I could kill that horse.

Lucy. But, Aunt, where were his family all this time?

Aunt. Amid all the horrible bloodshed of France, almost all the family of the Duke de Noailles were beheaded by the orders of Robespierre, and Madame La Fayette herself was only saved by the sudden death of that wicked man. "Uncertain as to the fate of her husband, she sent her only son, George Washington La Fayette, to America, where he lived several years under the protection of General Washington,—and accompanied by her two daughters, Carolina and Virginia, she hastened to Vienna, and throwing herself at the feet of the emperor, she begged permission to entomb herself and her children in the dungeon of her husband. This was all she asked, and all she obtained." Some time after, when the damp, noxious air of the prison had almost reduced her to her grave, she asked leave to go to Vienna to consult a physician; but she obtained permission only on condition that she should never return to Olmutz. The wife of such a man could not hesitate. She composed herself for death in the dungeon of her beloved husband. In the mean time, Washington was using all his influence to obtain his release, and both the American and English ambassadors were pleading in his favour. However, it was left to the singularly good fortune of Buonaparte to give him freedom. When Napoleon made a treaty with the Austrians, at Leoben, he stipulated for the surrender of their illustrious prisoner, upon his own responsibility, and at the risk of displeasing his countrymen. Filled with enthusiastic gratitude to their bene-

factor, the Marquis and his emaciated wife returned to their estate in France.

Robert. To the Chateau of La Grange? I remember when he was in New York they had a transparency fitted up in front of his pavillion, representing La Grange, and inscribed with the simple words, "His home." But is the good Madame La Fayette alive?

Aunt. No, my child. She died soon after her son returned from America. But the excellent man has every other blessing save his beloved companion. He has been nearly fifty years before the world, "engaged in scenes of strange and eventful conflict,"—of course, those who have crowded around him, during his present visit to America, have expected to see an aged man. "But on the person of La Fayette, time has left no impression; not a wrinkle furrows the ample brow; and his unbent, and noble figure, is still as upright, bold, and vigorous as the mind that informs it." "He is in the full possession of every talent and faculty he ever possessed," and his generous heart is as enthusiastic, as benevolent, and as kind, as it was when his blessed feet first touched American ground. At his delightful retirement of La Grange he is surrounded by his three children, and twelve or thirteen grandchildren, who all look up to him with filial reverence and love. To the neighbouring peasants, he is all benevolence and kindness. "When he speaks to them, it is generally with 'Mon ami.'—'Mon bon ami,'—'Mon cher garçon,'—'Ma bonne mère,'—

and 'Ma chère fille'—('My friend,'—'My good friend,'—'My dear boy,'—'My good mother,'—and 'My dear girl.') And this condescending kindness seems repaid by boundless affection, and respect amounting to veneration."

Robert. Then it seems the poor people in France love him as well as we do here. I don't know why it is, but the tears come to my eyes when I talk of him.

Lucy. And don't you remember, Aunt, when we were going over that little bridge in the interior of Maine, the toll-gatherer asked, if we were from Boston; we told him, yes. "Have you seen General La Fayette?" "Yes, we have,—and shaken hands with him." "God bless you, then," exclaimed the old man. "I knew him well; for I served under him in the old war." And he pressed uncle's hand hard, as he spoke, and when I looked back I saw him wiping away the tears that rolled down his cheek.

Aunt. And thus it was with thousands the day he entered Boston, my dear children. Thus it will be throughout every state in the Union. And he richly deserves it all. When you are old enough to understand the political history of France, you will know much more of his character than I can now make you comprehend. "He has always been active in some great and good cause. During the persecution of the French Protestants, he did all in his power to soften the rigours of their condition; and, at the same time, he devoted his talents and fortune to the gra-

dual redemption of the negroes." Not the dread of death itself could make him consent to injure France, though that ungrateful country had sent him to exile and prison. His heart ever glowed with gratitude to Buonaparte for procuring him his freedom, yet, when Napoleon became too ambitious for the good of France, he fearlessly raised his voice against his proceedings, and thus secured the admiration and respect, as well as the fear of that wonderful man. The battles he fought, and the money he spent for *us* can be counted, it is true; but *all* the good he has done America can never be told. He put new life into our discouraged troops,—he obtained men and money from France,—he set an example of courage and patience to our worn-out soldiers,—he fed the hungry,—he clothed the naked,—he taught the undisciplined,—and he carried back to his domestic retirement, a deep, pure, and fervent love for our country.

Robert. He cannot love Americans so well that they do not pay him, with interest. I never saw half so much affection expressed for any one before.

Aunt. There never was half so much felt, save for Washington. Old men walked miles and miles to see him and bless him before they died; beggars waved their tattered handkerchiefs, and shouted welcome; young mothers held up their children to see him as he passed; and the sobs of the aged were heard among the shouts of the young. The forest of plumes that nodded be-

fore his barouche, the wreaths and standards that fluttered in the air, and the loud huzzas of the multitude, were not like the thousand crowns' worth of jonquils, which unwilling peasants were obliged to strew in the path of Louis XIV. They were simple tokens of respect from thousands of bounding hearts, all anxious to speak their love and gratitude.

Lucy. And do you know that Mr. Blake is teaching little Emma to clasp her tiny hands, and lisp, "Nous vous aimons, La Fayette?"

Aunt. Many an American child will be taught to lisp it, long after his venerable head is laid in the grave. Now, Lucy, which should you rather have,—the coronet and embroidered star, or be the man who has lost titles and wealth in the cause of freedom and benevolence,—whose praise is, that he was never known to commit a wrong action,—and who now has his reward in the cheerful voice of a happy nation, echoed from the roaring waters of Niagara, to the rippling tides of distant St. Mary's, exclaiming,

"We bow not the neck, and we bend not the knee,
But our hearts, La Fayette, we surrender to thee!"

KEY TO THE RIDDLING FOREST.

	Spelt.
1. Jew-nipper.	Juniper.
2. Plain.	Plane.
3. Beach.	Beech.
4. Locusts, the insects.	Do.

5.	Two lips.	Tulips.
6.	Cork.	Do.
7.	Fur.	Fir.
8.	Axletree, of a carriage.	
9.	Birch.	Do.
10.	Palm, of the hand.	Do.
11.	Box.	Do.
12.	Pair.	Pear.
13.	Ass pen.	Aspen.
14	Spruce.	Do.
15.	Fringe.	Do.
16.	You. U.	Yew.
17.	Cyprus—the island.	Cypress.
18.	Crab—the animal.	Do.
19.	Lime.	Do.
20.	Plumb—a tool.	Plum.
21.	Prune.	Do.
22.	Slow.	Sloe.
23.	Bread.	Do.
24.	Lace.	Do.
25.	Snow-ball.	Do.
26.	Current.	Currant.
27	Barbary, the country.	Barberry.
28.	Elder.	Elder.
29	Fever, a disease.	Do.
30.	Broom.	Do.
31.	Gauze.	Gorse.
32.	Paper.	Do.
33.	Olive.	Do.
34.	Tea.	Do.
35.	Bay.	Do.
36.	Cane.	Do.
37.	Smoke.	Do.
38.	Beaver.	Do.

FAREWELL.

Now, youthful reader, fare thee well;
If aught this little book can tell,
Shall add one grain to learning's store,
Or make an hour pass gladly o'er,
The good it may impart to thee,
Shall make it doubly dear to me.
Dear schoolboy, if thou'st left thy play,
At close of summer's cheerful day,
Forgotten quite thy hoop and ball,
And marbles, and tetotum, all,
While conning o'er this varied page,
With all the zeal of buoyant age,
May it yield to thee as pure a joy,
As all the sports it can destroy.
And thou, my smiling, happy girl,
With lightsome step and flowing curl,
If cup and ball are given o'er,
And e'en thy fav'rite battledoor,
May this small book to thee impart
Pleasures as dear to thy young heart.
To both, be many happy years,
With frequent smiles, and transient tears.
Like Flora may'st thou mark thy hours,
Who counted time by opening flowers.